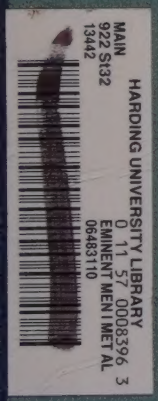
EMINENT MEN I MET ALONG THE SUNNY ROAD

S. A. STEEL, D.D.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EMINENT MEN I MET ALONG THE SUNNY ROAD

BY

S. A. STEEL, D.D.

Author of "The Modern Theory of the Bible," "The Sunny Road," "Home Life in Dixie," "The Christian Conception of the World," etc.

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"There were giants in those days."

COKESBURY PRESS
NASHVILLE, TENN.
1925

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Printed in the United States of America

"A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name?
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Plyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds."

—*Homer.*

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FOREWORD

THESE are not biographies, or even biographical sketches; they are simply personal recollections of the men discussed. From each one of these eminent men I received some definite help in shaping my own life. One of the poems I learned when a boy was Longfellow's beautiful "Psalm of Life," and the verse that impressed me most was this one:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

The men about whom I write in this volume were great men, some of them intellectually great, as Bledsoe and Munsey and Beecher; and most of them morally great. They have gone the way of all the earth, and the place that knew them knows them no more. It is a fashion now, one of the arrogant conceits of this self-conscious age, to ignore or disparage the past. We are the people, and all who came before us were little removed from the troglodyte, or the baboon chattering in the "forest primeval." A glimpse of some of the giants of the days that are gone may help to correct this absurd self-complacency, and even stir the rising generation to be worthy of such ancestors who, in their day, were

> "Renowned for wisdom, and revered for age."

If my readers like this sort of writing, I may introduce them to some other heroes. At any rate they will see what sort of company I had along the Sunny Road.

THE AUTHOR.

Mansfield, La.

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THE CIRCUIT RIDERS

See! they come, the Circuit Riders,
Mighty champions for their God;
And their shields of faith are flashing
With the glory of the Lord!
Zion's horsemen, girt with power,
And from spur to plume of flame,
Filled with holy zeal to conquer
All the world in Jesus' name.

Few at first they were, and feeble,
But inspired from above;
Pledged to tell the old, old story
Of a Saviour's dying love;
Pledged to bear the cross of Jesus
To the earth's remotest bound,
And to publish his salvation
Everywhere that man is found!

See their feet upon the mountains,
Glorious heralds of the King;
And the solitude rejoices
For the tidings which they bring!
Hark, their gospel bugles blowing
Wide across the tracts of time,
And their dauntless lines advancing,
With heroic faith sublime!

See! their crests of fire gleaming
In the wilderness afar;
Glory all around them streaming
As they wage their holy war.
Jesus' love impels them onward;
Lo, they conquer more and more,
And the gospel light is shining
O'er the land from shore to shore!

Let us hold them in high honor;
  Celebrate their deathless fame;
Emulate their bright example,
  And their message still proclaim.
Send, O send the sacred fire,
  Spirit of the living God,
And endue us with the power
  Still to spread the truth abroad!

EMINENT MEN I MET ALONG THE SUNNY ROAD

BISHOP DAVID S. DOGGETT

One of the pleasures of the long Sunny Road I have traveled has been the good and eminent men I have met. This is a special characteristic of the King's Highway, for the redeemed of the Lord walk there, and one enjoys the best society in this world on the way to heaven. When I began my ministry tall timbers were still standing in our Methodist forest, and stars of the first magnitude were glittering in the sky, like Doggett and Kavanaugh and Pierce and Marvin, and Munsey, and scores besides. They were men of high intelligence and culture, and pulpit orators of surpassing eloquence. And they were spiritual men who had consecrated all their gifts to the ministry, and scorned commercial motives; like James A. Duncan, of Virginia, who was offered a salary of $10,000 in gold just to preach in a New York pulpit, but turned it down to take a salary of $1,500 as President of Randolph-Macon College, saying, "Virginia needs her children now." My ministry began under the influence of such splendid leaders. These men were the peers of those matchless statesmen of the South, Hill of Georgia, Lamar of Mississippi, John W. Daniel of Virginia, and others, to whose wise leadership in a time of tumultuous revolution the South of to-day largely owes its greatness. God forbid that we shall ever forget the great men of that time, or cease to hold them in the highest reverence and esteem, or surrender into alien hands the heritage they left us!

The first bishop I came to know was that accomplished Virginian, the "Cicero of the Methodist pulpit," Bishop

David Seth Doggett, D.D., LL.D., and worthy of his titles. To the attainments of real scholarship Doggett added the attractions of the finest culture and the polished manners of the Virginia aristocrat. He was an orator. His public messages were elaborately prepared, studied out with great care, and written doubtless many times to secure the fine literary finish which characterized them. But he was not a memoriter speaker, a mere declaimer of memorized composition. I never saw him take a manuscript to the pulpit, as Munsey did, and am sure that his written text did not hinder the free flow of his thought under the inspiration of the moment. Indeed, I feel sure that some of his wonderful flights were the unstudied outflow of spontaneous thought. He was called the "Cicero of the Methodist pulpit" because of his classical style and the Addisonian elegance of his vocabulary. His delivery was impassioned, his gestures graceful, and his whole manner full of dignity and power. I have seen his face shine and glow with a sacred animation, and his words leaped out like a stream of flowing gold. Anything trivial, or anecdotal, or savoring of slang, was inconceivable in Bishop Doggett. When he entered the pulpit, you instinctively felt serious, and that you were in the presence of an ambassador of God. He was quiet and reserved, yet when you came to know him, he was brotherly and his apparent stiffness disappeared. They used to tell absurd stories in Richmond about his absent-mindedness, as when he went to the post office for his mail, and could not remember his own name, and sometimes had to be introduced to his own family! These were ludicrous exaggerations of the habit he had of deep study. Some accused him of a lack of hospitality, a virtue which St. Paul specifically enjoins on a bishop; but domestic circumstances may sometimes alter cases, and justify even a bishop in not keeping

open house. As a bishop, Doggett took his work very seriously. I think, like Bishop Marvin, he prayed a great deal over his appointments. He was not "a mixer," and therefore was not a judge of men, and in the cabinet probably was guided largely by the "elders"; but he was always courteous and accessible, and had the inborn urbanity of the thoroughbred aristocrat, so that the lowliest felt easy in his presence. It is the snob, coarse in grain, but with a veneer of culture, who is rude in his manners. Many bishops I have known, soon after their election, contracted the disagreeable malady of bishop-itis, for which there is no cure but the grave; but I never saw any sign of it in Bishop Doggett, and he was a deeply religious man, which preserved him from this disease. He was easily one of our foremost men in his day.

This was the man I met first under peculiar circumstances, and with whom I was subsequently very pleasantly associated in his own home city of Richmond. It happened this way: I was a student in "Andrew College" in Trenton, Tenn. I was very green, and had just begun the study of Greek. The Professor of Greek was Dr. T. J. Happell, a fine scholar, but better suited I suspect to practice medicine than to instruct the backwoods greenhorns that formed his classes. He had red hair, was quick in his temper, and lacked patience and tact; but the boys liked him, and I did, too. One day the lesson was the conjugation of the verb *tupto.* I was about the sixth in the class from the head. Number one didn't know the lesson, and stumbled at the start. "Next," said Happell in a crisp tone. Number two balked. "Next," snapped out the teacher. Three, four, and five all fell down on it. I knew it; but when he reached number five, the professor threw his book on the table in an irritable manner and said: "You are

dismissed, and don't you come back till you know this verb well enough to sing it." I did not like the way he acted, for he left me under the implication that I did not know my lesson. I found that the words of the verb could be sung to a common meter tune, and I sung them over and over till I was thoroughly familiar with them. When the class met I was about third from head. The first boy got through it passably, the next boy blundered, so that Happell cut him off with a snap, "Next." I at once started in to sing the verb, and sung it straight through! The boys looked at each other in amazement, and could hardly hold in their laughter. Happell sat silent and with unchanged face looking on the table till I stopped; then he said: "Mr. Steel, you have given us a fine sample of your vocal powers; but you forget that this is not a prayer meeting. Next!" When the class was dismissed, the boys rushed out and scattered over the campus yelling, "Steel! Steel! Hurrah for Steel!" and singing *tupto!* I scored a great success with them, because, while they liked Happell, they feared him, and were proud to find one of the class who had the nerve to tackle him and tie him with his own rope. I became immediately popular.

A few days later word was received that the man who had been elected by the two literary societies to deliver the annual address would not be able to come to our commencement. This left us in bad shape, for the time was near at hand. Dr. Moore, the president of the college, said that Bishop Doggett was to preach the commencement sermon for the Female Institute at Jackson the same Sunday we were to have ours, and suggested that the societies send a messenger to invite the Bishop to give our literary address. The societies met immediately, unanimously elected me to go on this mission, and with great jollity sung "tupto"! So my first honor

came to me, and it was the reward of a certain audacity that has not always had such agreeable results.

When the time came I boarded the early Sunday morning train for Jackson and went to the parsonage to see the pastor and ask him to get me an interview with the Bishop. I had a most exaggerated idea of a bishop then. They were great men to me, and nervy as I may have been, I had a sort of awe of these "princes in Israel." Dr. Evans, the pastor, was very kind, and advised me to postpone meeting the Bishop until after the service, promising to get me the interview, and very cordially inviting me to dine that day at the parsonage. He also said that there would be a great crowd at church that morning, and advised me to go early so as to get a good seat, which I proceeded at once to do. I was the first in the church, and got a good seat well to the front. I had not been seated many minutes when a man came down the aisle. I remember that he was red-headed. He said: "Why don't you go to the Sunday school?" I told him that I was a visitor, had come to hear the sermon, and did not care to go to the Sunday school. With a flirt of his hand, he said. "You go on to Sunday school. All the boys will have to go in the gallery to-day," and he went off. "Boys!" I was no "boy." "Boys in the gallery," indeed. A few minutes after the man returned and, coming to me, said: "I told you to go to the gallery. We want these seats for the grown people." I sat still reading the hymn book. The people began to assemble. About fifteen minutes later the man returned and, coming to me, said: "I don't want to have to tell you again that you must go to the gallery. Do you understand me?" "Are these seats free?" I asked. "Of course they are." "Then," I said, "I intend to sit here to the close of the service. I will give the seat to any one who has come farther than I

have to hear the sermon, or to an old man or woman who can't get a seat. Do you understand me?'' He looked amazed, flushed red, and said: ''Did your parents teach you to respect your elders?'' ''When they deserve it,'' I snapped out. I am sure he was mad enough to fight, and I expected he would attempt to put me out. I was very small for my age, but I had not mauled rails and fought wildcats in the swamps for nothing, and was resolved to defend my rights. But he had sense enough not to make a scene, and left me biting his lips with rage. I held the seat to the end.

I heard the Bishop preach a great sermon on ''Glorying in the Cross.'' My, how he swept the zenith! After dinner, Dr. Evans took me to see the Bishop. He received me very kindly, but said his engagements would not let him render the service we desired. So my mission failed, but I had heard a great sermon and made the acquaintance of Bishop Doggett, an acquaintance that was to ripen into a delightful friendship a few years after.

My next meeting with him was memorable to me. I was a supply pastor at Hickman, Ky. Bishop Doggett came to Mayfield to hold a District Conference, and I went to Mayfield to hear him preach; I never let an opportunity to hear a great preacher pass unimproved, for I was a student of public speaking. The pastor at Mayfield was the Rev. R. H. Mahon, under whose ministry in Grenada, Miss., a few years before I first felt called to preach. The church was a solid jam of people, and at 11 o'clock Bishop Doggett preached his great sermon on Ezekiel's ''Vision of the Valley of Dry Bones.'' It was a masterpiece of pulpit eloquence, and set the audience on fire with religious emotion. The cup of some of the saints ran over, and there was a shout in the camp when ''bone came to its bone'' and

the living army began to wheel and deploy in the valley under the leadership of the Lord!

Now Bishop Doggett did not like shouting. He said it "interfered with his intellectual processes"! While in Virginia I heard this story about him. He was pastor of Broad Street Church in Richmond, and was invited by Dr. Leroy M. Lee to come to a meeting he was holding somewhere in the country and preach for him. Doggett went, and his preaching touched off the emotional country saints. One old lady especially made the welkin ring. Doggett told Lee they would have to do something to stop her noisy ecstasy. So Lee agreed to sit by the old lady and keep her calm. But Doggett's eloquence lifted Lee into the seventh heaven; he was holding in himself, but forgot to watch the old sister, and she broke loose. Lee jumped to his feet, exclaiming: "The jig's up, Doctor!" Doggett thought he would try to stop the happy saint, and said: "My sister, restrain your emotions!" But she went up and down the aisle, shaking hands with the people, and saying: "Glory! Glory! If you don't want me to shout, don't preach so good!" One certainly felt that way when he heard Doggett preach.

At the close of the morning service in Mayfield Dr. Mahon announced that on account of the Bishop not feeling well, he would not preach at night—but "Rev. S. A. Steel, of Hickman, would preach!" He had not said a word to me about it, and I was utterly astounded. I was sitting in the audience and had no chance to remonstrate, so it had to go. I to follow such a master of pulpit oratory! The thought almost unnerved me, but I got busy during the afternoon. I had one or two flamboyant sermons, into which I had packed all the big words I could use. I selected the one on "The Spread of Christianity," about a bushel of rhetorical

chaff with a few grains of wheat, but a dazzling piece of composition. I had not learned how to think, much less how to express my thought, and had all the extravagance of a vivid imagination unsubdued to rule or reason. But it was mine, and I had it well in hand. I had spent ten dollars out of my meager salary for a large mirror showing my whole size, so as to correct any faults of delivery and acquire proper action in gestures, and so forth, *a la* Demosthenes! I earnestly hoped the Bishop's indispostion would keep him from the service; but lo, just as I read my text in he walked! But I proceeded, and reeled off my starry message, sending rhetorical skyrockets to the zenith, where they exploded in a shower of blue, red, green, and gold stars. When I finished, Bishop Doggett rose; and whether my message inspired him, or he felt he must redeem the occasion, for fifteen minutes he poured out a torrent of exhortation that surpassed his morning sermon in impassioned eloquence. I am sure I never heard a more powerful appeal. Now for the sequel.

Bishop Doggett was entertained in Mayfield by Judge A. R. Boone. Judge Boone came to Hickman to hold court some weeks after the District Conference, and came to see me. He said he thought I ought to know the impression my sermon made on the Bishop. He said that after the service the Bishop excused himself to the family, and went at once to his room, he supposed to retire. Knowing he was not well, he went to his room sometime after, and heard him talking. He listened, and heard him say: "O Lord, help the young man to prune, help him to prune!" I caught the idea, which was soon after clinched by another bishop, and concluded that if my style was to be made a matter of prayer by a bishop it was time for me to reform it. So I began to "prune" away some of the verbal super-

fluity. But folks like fireworks. I sorter like them myself, sure-enough ones.

The next year I was at Emory and Henry College, and was a supply pastor at Abingdon, Va. Bishop Doggett was coming to Marion and I resolved to hear him. When I reached Marion with some other students, Dr. Miles, the presiding elder, was there, and kindly assigned us all to nice homes. He took me to his own home. The next train brought Bishop Doggett, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Patty. Miles brought him to the parsonage, so I became a fellow-guest with the Bishop! Soon after they got there Miles took me aside, and said that they were not expecting a lady in the party, so they would have to double the Bishop up with me! Getting closer still to the big men! In getting off the train the Bishop struck his knee in some way, which gave him pain and made him limp slightly. He was groaning and carrying on at such a rate that we thought maybe he was seriously hurt; but his daughter assured us that we need not infer anything from that, for that was his way. And sure enough, he rubbed it with some camphor when he retired, and that was the last we heard of it. I felt queer in bed with a bishop, and the queer feeling turned to shivers when he wrapped the cover about him, said "Good night," turned over on his side, and left me almost without any of the "kiver"! There I lay like a goose, too cold to get to sleep, meditating on the words of the prophet: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." I wondered if Isaiah had ever slept with a bishop! That was the first and last time I ever did.

Two or three years elapsed and I became pastor of Broad Street Church in Richmond, and Bishop Doggett

was my neighbor, living just around the corner from where I lived. When he was at home he usually preached at one of the churches; and as Broad Street was his former charge, he seemed always glad to preach there, and of course I was only too glad to have him in my pulpit. His family were members of Centenary, and he went with them when not preaching himself. Sometime after my removal to Richmond, I received a letter from Rev. W. M. Patterson, D.D., the founder and superintendent of our missions in Mexico, saying that he had been asked to get a preacher for the English Congregation in the city of Mexico, and he invited me to take the place. The salary was $3,000 in gold and a house. I took the letter to Bishop Doggett, and asked him what I must do with it. He advised me to stay where I was, which I did. So he kept me from being a missionary. Sometime later I received a letter from Rev. Philip Tuggle, of San Francisco, saying that the bishop in charge of the Pacific Conference had asked him to find a preacher for the church in San Francisco. He had known my father when they were both members of the Memphis Conference, spoke very kindly of him, and assured me that he would feel a special interest in me on his account. The salary was $1,800, which he said he would personally guarantee. Again I referred the matter to Bishop Doggett, and I fully expected he would advise me to take the offer. He had to hold the Virginia Conference that year, and I was officially in his hands. There was strenuous opposition to my admission to the Virginia Conference, chiefly from the older men of the Conference, unless I would promise to transfer; because the Virginia Conference was crowded. The next day the Bishop came over to my house and said: "You must not go. Stay where you are." When I asked what reason I should give to Tuggle, he replied:

"Tell him I will not release you." I did, and a few weeks later the Church papers announced the appointment of Rev. E. E. Hoss, of the Holston Conference, to San Francisco. I did not want to leave Virginia, and felt specially gratified that Bishop Doggett, the Virginia bishop, wanted me to stay there. I naturally inferred, too, that I was making good at Broad Street, where he had been pastor himself and helped to set the high standard for the pulpit. But my, didn't it make me study! No, he never alluded to my Mayfield performance; but whenever he was around, I put my aurora borealises under my coat. However, my ministry at the University had sobered my steeds. When I went to Broad Street I had them under pretty good control, though I sometimes let them prance there! Sometimes when there were no critics present, unless, perhaps, Lafferty, sitting away back in the gallery, because he said his clothes were not good enough to sit downstairs in a cushioned pew, I would fling open the gates, and Apollo's fiery coursers, harnessed to the chariot of the sun, would dash out and across the empyrean, scattering the stars from their path and leaving trails of splendor behind them! No harm to cultivate the imagination.

The preachers held their weekly meeting in my "Study" every Monday morning, and Bishop Doggett, when at home, was always there. The program of the meeting was informal, and chiefly social, more for relaxation and good fellowship than for serious work. There were some inimitable story-tellers among the Virginia preachers then. Dr. James A. Duncan, President of Randolph-Macon College, was frequently present, and it was generally conceded that he was first in rank for telling stories. Duncan's superiority was in his wonderful gift of mimicry. He was an actor and would have won renown if he had chosen the stage instead of the

pulpit. But a close second in the art of story-telling was Dr. John E. Edwards. He had an inexhaustible fund of funny anecdotes which he could call at will, and tell with side-splitting humor. Lafferty, the brilliant and witty editor of the *Advocate*, usually attended; and if his liver was acting right and he was in the proper mood, none could surpass him. The Attic salt with which he always seasoned his talks gave a piquant flavor to his thought, and his keen rapier-like wit sometimes pierced to the bone. Bishop Doggett could not tell a joke, but he laughed as heartily as any of them at the stories told by the rest. Now and then he attempted to tell a story; and when he did, Edwards would wink his eye, as much as to say: "Watch him!" It was like an elephant trying to dance a minuet. But all listened when Doggett spoke seriously.

The Conference was to meet in Lynchburg, and a special coach was provided by the railroad for the preachers of the Richmond District and vicinity. I went early and got a good seat near the middle of the coach. I had not been there long till in came Bishop Doggett. He came straight to me and asked, "Who shares your seat?" "No one," I replied. "May I have it?" he said. I said, "Certainly"; so he adjusted his luggage and seated himself next the window. "Now," he said, "let it be understood that this seat is preëmpted by us to Lynchburg; and you had better stick pretty close to it, or it will be taken by some one else." I felt highly flattered to find that of all the distinguished men in the company he had selected me for his traveling companion. And he talked almost incessantly, especially when he saw any preacher come into the car. He told me of his early ministry, of the experiences he had as a circuit preacher, and rambled all over his past. Scores of preachers walked through the car, greeted him, and cast

envious glances at me. When we reached Lynchburg, he said, "I want to get out ahead of the rest"; and taking his luggage himself, he moved to the door, and got off as soon as the train stopped. I saw him through the window go with his host at once to a carriage that was in waiting and disappear. As we were passing out the man just in front of me, looking over his shoulder, said: "Steel, you are a cunning one. Monopolized the Bishop all the way here." Dr. J. A. Duncan was just behind me, and he laughed and said: "Steel had nothing to do with it. The Bishop used him as a foil to keep fifty men from having a few words with him on the way."

He was right, for when we were back in Richmond (and he returned me to Broad Street for the third year), I told him what Duncan said. He laughed, admitted it was true, and said that if I or some one else had not got between him and the men who wanted to "have just a word with him," the trip to Lynchburg would have been one prolonged torture to him. "I found the Steel armor a good protection," he said. And I got a hint of the seamy side of a Bishop's office about Conference time.

Men of the type of Bishop Doggett are no longer here. They belong to the old order that perished at the cannon's mouth, shot to death by Northern guns in the hands of men like Sherman and Sheridan. But I am glad I was a contemporary of such splendid specimens of refined Christian manhood and surpassing eloquence.

JOHN B. McFERRIN

In his day Dr. McFerrin was one of the most outstanding men of American Methodism, either North or South. It may be doubted if Methodism has produced a more remarkable man or a stronger character. He had a rugged physique. He was so ugly that he was handsome. The massive forehead; the clear blue eyes looking out from under great shaggy overhanging brows; the high cheek bones; the brawny frame, broad shoulders, slightly stooped—these all made up a personal appearance that struck every one, and you would naturally keep your eye on him as a man of note. His voice was his own. Nobody else ever had one like it. It had a deep nasal twang; and when he was excited, and in the midst of one of his *ad captandum* speeches, and out of that cavernous mouth, and from those distended nostrils, he put on that "stop," it was like a blast from the horn of Roderic Dhu! Few could keep still when McFerrin blew his horn.

He was without learning, yet the most scholarly audiences enjoyed his preaching and were edified by his ministry. Without culture in the usual sense of the term, the most refined society welcomed his presence, and he was the lion of every circle of which he formed a part. Ignorant of, and indifferent to, all the rules of oratory as taught in the books, no orator could match him in effective speech. He had none of the graces of the platform, nor did his speech ever sink to the slang of the slum. It was clean and high, as the speech of all the old Methodist preachers used to be, before we had fallen on the vicious theory that to reach ungodly

men we must talk to them in the lingo of their godless life, instead of trying to win them by something better and higher. McFerrin's speech was plain, his style simple and adapted to the common people.

He was a master of ridicule, but his great strength was in his appeal to the feelings. There was never a greater master of the emotions than he. He could, and did, make his audiences weep and laugh at will, seemed to play with their feelings as a skilled performer does with the keys of the piano, evoking any effect he desired. If he had gone to the bar instead of the pulpit, there would have been few juries that could have given a verdict against him. He was thoroughly devoted to Methodism, and no one better understood its teachings, or more loyally served its cause. He was "ultraconservative," a stickler for the "old paths," opposed to innovations, yet shrewd enough to readjust himself when it became necessary. I wish he were here now to help us fight the modernism that lifts its insolent head in our high places and casts its cynical slur on "the faith of our fathers."

It would, perhaps, be hardly fair to hold a man with such a strong individuality to a strict regard for the little ethical proprieties of his calling, and it must be admitted that Dr. McFerrin was accused by his opponents of taking unfair advantage in discussion. No man is without prejudice; and it is the price of leadership to provoke envy and arouse antagonism, and perhaps enmity. I once heard a man who afterwards became a bishop, and whom I had personal reason to believe was himself guilty of the same thing, say that Dr. McFerrin was "utterly destitute of an intellectual conscience"—whatever that means; that he considered anything fair in debate; and that he became so absorbed in carrying his point that he would not scruple at any means. That

was too hard on him. But it does not detract from Dr. McFerrin's good name to say that you met a cyclone when you crossed his path! Argument, ridicule, sarcasm, invective, powerful appeals to prejudice, pathos, he used every weapon to win his case, and he usually won. He was so conservative that when he died some one said: "God buries his workmen in order to carry on his work!"

An incident will illustrate what I have said about him. It was at a General Conference, if my memory serves me correctly, the Conference in Atlanta in 1878. A resolution was introduced to extend the pastoral term, or rather to remove the time limit. Eloquent speches were made for it. McFerrin, the recognized champion of the old order, took the floor and replied to the advocates of the measure in his usual *ad captandum* style. When he finished his speech a member took the floor to answer him. The interest was intense. Every ear was bent to hear the man who had the nerve to tackle McFerrin after such a speech. I do not remember who the speaker was, but it was soon evident that he was a foeman worthy of any man's steel. He swept the field. He began by a rather contemptuous censure of McFerrin's style, as unbecoming such a serious discussion; it might do for a circus, but was hardly appropriate for the floor of a General Conference. The fact is he fairly flayed McFerrin, and floored him by attacking him where he was weak. Applause after applause greeted him. When he finished I am sure the majority of the audience felt, as I did, that for once McFerrin had met his match. A number of voices called "Vote," "Vote," and if the vote had been taken then the measure would doubtless have prevailed. His friends crowded around the speaker to congratulate him. As the crowd about the speaker subsided, McFerrin arose from his seat and started to where the speaker sat. During the

speech he had glared at the orator from under those beetling eyelids, with a sort of curious amazement mingled with scorn. When he approached the speaker who had wiped the earth up with him, I supposed that he was going to be chivalrous and congratulate him on his brilliant performance. Every eye was on McFerrin as he waddled down the aisle with his big old felt hat in his hand. Walking up to the orator, he suddenly clapped his hat on his head. As it was several sizes too large for him, it fell down on his shoulders, while McFerrin, putting on the full power of his nasal stop, snorted: "O brother, you have a fine voice and use mighty pretty words; but your head ain't big enough!" The Conference roared, and kept it up for some minutes in spite of the gavel; but when the vote was taken, McFerrin's side won!

I saw McFerrin first at the General Conference in Memphis in 1870, but did not hear him speak. I remember the visit of Bishop Janes and Dr. Harris to the Conference in the interest of "union," and Dr. Keener's masterly tactics that foiled the mission and made Keener Bishop. Bishop Janes was a saintly looking man; and after his brief and very brotherly talk, Dr. McFerrin went forward and they embraced each other at the altar. They had known each other before the division of the Church in 1844, and this was their first meeting after the storm of the war. It was very touching. Others greeted him with similar emotion, and they might have started something in the way of unification right there, if Bishop Janes's associate, Dr. Harris, had not thrown the fat in the fire by his arrogant manner and veiled insinuations that we ought to repent of our sins and come "home." That gave Keener his chance; swift as an eagle swooping on its prey, he seized it and made history.

I heard McFerrin first at the Memphis Conference in Brownsville that same year. He was Missionary Secretary, and spoke at the Missionary Anniversary on Saturday night. He was at himself, and swept the field. Several young men like myself were at Andrew College, at Trenton, Tenn., studying for the ministry. The Bishops were calling for preachers for the West, especially for Arkansas and Texas. McFerrin knew that he had before him some young men who intended to become Methodist preachers, and were halting to harness themselves, and he scored us right and left. When God called a man to preach he meant for him to preach, not go to school. He called off a long list of famous Methodist preachers who had never been to college, like Bascom, and Marvin, and Munsey. Munsey! that was a name to conjure with then; yet he, the most commanding orator among us, had never been to college. After the meeting, one of the boys asked us to meet him next morning at a designated place. It was about a mile out of town, on the railroad toward Memphis. We were there early. It was in the edge of a woods. One of the boys was invited to act as chairman; he asked another one of the boys to lead in prayer; then he stated that the object of the meeting was to discuss what we ought to do, and he invited each one to express his mind freely. One after another spoke, and all were in favor of going at once to the field. One of the boys had been whittling a stick; when he was called on, he threw the stick on the ground, saying, "Lie there, mathematics; I go to preach." All of them said Dr. McFerrin had convinced them that we were doing wrong to stay at school. I and one other boy were the only two who took a different view of the case. I did not say much, but told them my purpose was fixed to continue at school till I was better prepared for the work than I felt I was

then. After nearly sixty years in the ministry, I fully approve my decision, and am glad that I had the strength to resist the powerful appeal of Dr. McFerrin.

A few years after that I saw Dr. McFerrin win a great victory at the Virginia Conference. It was one of the most remarkable triumphs of public speech I ever knew. The Methodist Publishing House at Nashville had become heavily involved in debt. It was practically bankrupt. But friends were anxious to save it to the Church, and the plan of selling bonds to relieve it was adopted. While living in Nashville, I was told that this plan was first suggested by Mr. Nat Baxter, who was at that time a member of the Book Committee. It was a very simple plan; but in view of the embarrassments of the House, and the condition of the country, it was a bold stroke, and made heavy demands on the faith of the Church. Dr. McFerrin had been elected Book Agent by the General Conference at Atlanta, and it was to him that the work was committed of carrying through the plan to "save" the House. And it is not saying too much to say that whoever may have originated the plan, Dr. McFerrin was the only man in Southern Methodism who could have sold those bonds. I doubt if any other man would have undertaken it.

I do not know how the Virginia members of the Book Committee felt toward the scheme; but I do know that it was regarded unfavorably by a large number of the Virginia Conference, and that some of the foremost members strongly opposed it. I was pastor of Broad Street Church in Richmond, and the Preachers' Meeting was held in my "Study"—that is what we had in that day; it is no gain that has changed it into an office. From time to time during the year, many of the preachers of the Conference had dropped into the meeting, and I had heard the whole question discussed over

and over again. Being myself a "Western" man, and having friends in Nashville, I naturally favored any plan "to save the House"; but after hearing the matter so thoroughly ventilated, I began myself to feel that after all it might be better to let the House go; that what seemed like a calamity might be a blessing in disguise. I was Dr. J. J. Lafferty's pastor. He was editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate,* and was then skinning the Nashville officials and tanning their hides in his Richmond office; and I perhaps got a little of his acid in my thought—just enough to give it a piquant flavor —when official Nashville was the topic of talk. Jest and lampoon and serious thrust, never acrimonious, but cutting to the bone with the cool precision and tremorless nerve of a surgeon's knife, Lafferty's incomparable pen had loosened the sutures of my sentimental loyalty to "the House." It was in this mood that we went to Conference in Petersburg to meet McFerrin with his bonds.

I happened to meet him soon after he reached the Conference, and he said he wanted to see me. When we were alone, he asked me how the preachers felt about the "House." I told him frankly that I thought they were opposed to his bond scheme. He asked me why? I told him what I had heard advanced in the Preacher's Meeting. "How does Leroy M. Lee stand?" "Opposed." "John E. Edwards?" "Opposed." "James A. Duncan?" "Opposed." "P. A. Peterson?" "Opposed." "How do you stand " he snorted with an energy that almost took my breath! That question knocked me into the middle of a big perplexity. I didn't want to tell him how I stood. He looked at me with that piercing gaze of his, and with a little chuckle of a laugh at my hesitation asked: "How many bonds can I sell?" I laughed and said: "I don't believe you

can sell a hundred dollars' worth." "I'll show you," he said, and we parted.

The Conference treated Dr. McFerrin with the highest courtesy, and appointed a special session in the evening to hear him on his cause. The walls of the historic old Washington Street Church never inclosed a finer audience than the vast congregation that assembled that evening. There were great men in the Virginia Conference then, battle-scarred chieftains and leaders of renown. On the front seat sat the grave old Nestor of the Conference, Leroy M. Lee, with bald head and flowing beard, looking like a senator of old Rome. Near him sat James A. Duncan, handsome as Apollo, inimitable in speech, captivating in manner, the idol of Virginia Methodism, beloved by all who knew him. There was John E. Edwards, foremost in debate, alert, agile as a trained athlete in the arena. There was W. W. Bennett, serious, dignified, massive, on whose brow "deliberation sat, and public care." There was Paul Whitehead, "the bulldog" of the Conference. There was P. A. Peterson, with radiant face; and Adam Bledsoe, whose appearance would have made Goliath go to his tent; and Granbery the beloved; and Rosser the erratic, with his long hair and flowing beard; and R. N. Sledd, young, and silent with the silence of deep thought; and Lafferty, the Achilles of the camp, who, if not exactly sulking in his tent over some fancied injustice in the division of the spoils at Atlanta, was in no mood to help this Greek capture Troy! It was a great night.

When Dr. McFerrin was introduced, he began his speech by an allusion to old Blanford Cemetery, where some of his ancestors slept; and to several other places in Virginia similarly consecrated, until I was surprised to know how many ancestors he had. He went on to speak of the great Methodist preachers who had lived

in Virginia—an Asbury, a Jesse Lee, a William McKendree. He touched on the old brethren still living and sitting before him, and moved them to tears by sympathetic reference to their trials and the reward that awaited them in heaven. He knew by experience what they had endured, for he was rocked in a sugar trough himself, had slept in a blanket in the canebrake, had swum the rivers and climbed the mountains as a missionary to the wild Indians of the South. He got a chorus of "amens" all along there, and many of the brethren wiped their eyes, and alternately laughed and cried as he related the incidents of his career as a Methodist circuit rider. Then he broadened out and grew eloquent in his allusion to Virginia, who, like a devoted mother, when the storm of invasion threatened to desolate the South, stepped to the front, bared her bosom to receive the blow, and stood there until she fell bleeding at every pore! These Confederate memories swept the whole audience into deep and vital sympathy with him, and put everything in his power. He declared that he himself surrendered on the "last ten acres," and then only because there was no place where he could make a stand!

When he had thus completely captured the sympathies of his audience, when men and women were crying from the pulpit to the galleries, and the whole house was tense with emotion, he adroitly shifted to his subject. But the change was not unobserved by the Conference, and there was also a readjustment in feeling. The preachers braced themselves, wiped their weeping eyes, and squared themselves for the issue, as much as to say: "Now we'll have it. We love you, old man, but we don't intend to take your bonds." In a few words Dr. McFerrin told the history of the House, the need of it, and the great work it had done for the Church. He

explained briefly how it had become involved in debt, and unfolded in clear sentences the plan that had been adopted to pay off its obligations, save the valuable property to the Church, increase its facilities, and enlarge its usefulness. He then began to argue with them in support of the plan. The amount of the bonds apportioned to the Virginia Conference, some eight or nine thousand dollars, I think it was, was a small matter to the Virginia Methodists, but it meant much to the Church. He urged that the bonds were a good investment, amply secured by the property, and that the money need not come out of the preacher's pocket; he could easily get his circuit, or charge, to raise it for him; if he did not draw the interest, it would stand to his credit in Nashville when he wanted books, etc. He argued that we had no discretion, for this plan had already been adopted by the authority of the Church, and loyalty demanded that we should promptly support it.

I watched the preachers closely, and up to that point I could see no change in his favor; but his next point made an impression. He said this was the only way the House could be saved. If the bonds were not taken, the House would have to be sold; and if sold under the circumstances, it would not bring enough to pay the debt; that Methodism would never compromise her honor. She might be poor, but she would be true to herself and pay her debts at one hundred cents on the dollar. He knew Methodist preachers and Methodist people, and he knew they would sell the clothing off their backs before they would see their paper go to protest or put their honor in pawn! This was a tender point, for all Virginia was stirred just then over the proposition to readjust her debt. Some of the brethren weakened at this point, and I could see by the nods they gave that

he was getting a hold on them. The next point knocked them down by scores! Since the debt had to be paid, the only other way was to apportion it out to the various Conferences, and take collections till every dollar was paid! The prospect of an additional collection, perhaps for years, and for such an unpopular purpose, made every preacher get pale around the gills. Anything was better than that.

McFerrin divined, I suppose by the inexplicable intuition of the orator, "the psychological moment." He knew when "the iron was hot." He paused in his speech, and stood for a moment as silent as a statue. Tears came in his eyes, and his rugged frame quivered as though shaken by a great storm. Lafferty used to say that McFerrin "kept tears on tap," that his speech was oily with "rancid emotion," and that after one of his artful climaxes he would sit down "in a puddle of his own emotions!" Lafferty couldn't bear him, thought he was a consummate demagogue; perhaps he had been run over by him somewhere. However it may have been on other occasions, on this one he landed us in a whole baptistry of emotions with his dramatic climax.

As he stood there, the tears coursing down his cheeks, he resumed his speech in broken and quivering accents. He said he sometimes had a dream. In his dream he had returned from one of his long journeys in the service of the Church to his humble home in Nashville. He started around to his office in the Publishing House. When he reached the Public Square—the House then stood on the bank of the Cumberland River—he saw a crowd of people in front of the Publishing House. He asked a man what that meant, and he told him they were going to sell the Publishing House that morning. He insisted that it must be a mistake, but the man assured him it was so. He hurried to the spot, reaching there

just as the auctioneer mounted his block. He heard him say to the crowd that he had a very valuable property to sell, but as the circumstances were peculiar, he desired to say a few things before calling for bids. He had to sell the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. That had been a great Church in the past, but it had gone to pieces under the shock of war, was unable to pay its debts, and had to close out its business. It was a sad thing, and he would rather the duty of disposing of the property had fallen to the lot of some one else; but since he had been asked to sell it, he hoped they would bid liberally. McFerrin then assumed the character of an auctioneer, and he would have made a dandy one in fact!

"How much will you give me—how much am I offered—let somebody make me a bid. Gentlemen, that is fine property—none better in Nashville. How much did I hear?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said a bystander.

"I'm offered fifty thousand dollars! Why, gentlemen, the machinery in that House is worth that. I'm offered fifty thousand, fifty thousand, going at fifty"——

"Fifty-five," said a little side-whiskered man who wore glasses.

"I'm offered fifty-five, fifty-five, fifty-five"——

"Sixty," said the first man.

"Going at sixty, sixty, sixty. I'm offered only sixty thousand dollars for that House. The ground it stands on is worth that."

"Seventy," said the little side-whiskered man.

"Who is that little side-whiskered man, bidding on our property?" asked McFerrin, putting the whole pressure of that magical nasal tone into the question.

"That man," replied a bystander; "why, he is the representative of the Northern Methodist Church."

"And does he propose to buy our property?"

"Yes, sir, and I understand it is to be the headquarters of the Freedman's Bureau"——

There was a simultaneous roar of "Never!" from the Conference. "God forbid!" sobbed old men as they wept on each other's shoulders. The venerable Thomas Branch, a rich layman who could have paid the whole debt himself, tossed his huge head of white hair, defiantly fluttered his big red bandanna handkerchief, and fairly hissed through his teeth, "Never!" The women in the galleries were in tears, and vowing "Never!" "Never!"

"Then take my bonds," shouted McFerrin.

"Give us a chance!" was the deep-throated response.

Two secretaries could not keep up with the names, so rapidly did they come. I think the whole amount was subscribed in a few minutes. When I came to my senses, I found that I had subscribed for a $100 bond myself! When P. A. Peterson led the song at the close of the service, the singing shook the very walls with its jubilant notes; and all who heard it knew there was "life in the old land yet."

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this incident both because it fully illustrates Dr. McFerrin's skill as a speaker and commemorates the historic achievement of saving the House.

He was a great "beggar." At one of the Conferences where he was to take a missionary collection, the chairman introduced him as "The Methodist Beggar," but humorously told the brethren to be patient with him, for it was written that the beggar died also! McFerrin stood in silence; and when he was through, tapped his tear duct, according to Lafferty, and while his cheeks grew moist, he said in a tremulous voice that he did not mind being called a beggar, if they would go on and finish the quotation: "and was carried by angels to

Abraham's bosom''! And he almost got them to shouting before he was through with the introduction.

His end was peaceful, though his life had been a stormy conflict with the forces of evil from his youth. A short time before he passed away, his son called to see him. As he was leaving, his father said: ''Good-by, my boy; and if I slip away when you are gone, you know where to find me!'' No doubt, no fear, but a calm confidence in redeeming love in Christ.

''Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!' ''

ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE

I

Any one who knew Dr. Bledsoe, and heard him read one of his dry metaphysical discourses, will perhaps smile to think that I include him in a list of the great "preachers" I have known. He was not a speaker, but a writer; yet no man helped me more along some lines of theological study than Albert Taylor Bledsoe. Some one called him "The Arminian Sledge Hammer," and the title was very appropriate, for his logic pulverized the errors of Calvinism as a sledge hammer crushes rock. Dr. Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, where Dr. Bledsoe was once a professor, once referred to him as "a remarkable example of American versatility of character"; and this, too, was very appropriate, for he was by turns soldier, Episcopal clergyman, lawyer, professor, Cabinet officer, author, Methodist preacher, and editor. His fame will probably rest chiefly on his metaphysical and theological writings, as author of "A Theodicy" and editor of *The Southern Review*. He was one of the counsel engaged to defend Ex-President Jefferson Davis, together with the celebrated Irish barrister, O'Conor, had Mr. Davis been brought to trial. As the Government, for the Northern side, very wisely decided to avoid a trial that could only have resulted in the complete vindication both of Davis and the Southern cause, Dr. Bledsoe brought out his powerful defense of Davis in his book, "Is Davis a Traitor?" It is a masterly argument for the constitutionality of the

Southern cause. It makes me tired to hear these flippant "modernists" who never heard of Bledsoe's book pass judgment on the South of 1860. Real historians have better sense.

Dr. Bledsoe was a fighter. David would doubtless have given him a seat in his Cabinet, as Davis did, and put him "among the captains" beside the Tachmonite. Born in Kentucky, that breeding ground of great men, the son of a Baptist preacher, and educated at West Point, where he was a classmate of both Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, he was both by temperament and training fitted to champion any cause he might espouse. As a controversialist he had a sort of ferocious earnestness, a kind of berserker violence, that made him a formidable foe. But there was never any malevolence in his rage; it was the intensity of a great mind that for the time concentrated every energy it possessed on its purpose, and could think of nothing else. He was obsessed by his subject. A sort of divine madness, like the frenzy of the pythoness, seized him, and he charged like an enraged bull, head down and eyes blazing, dust on his back and blood on his horns! Woe to the foe that stood in his path! I think he put his whole conscience into every case.

It was this aspect of his character that presented itself to me the first time I met him. I had read his "Theodicy," and was a regular reader of his *Review,* devouring everything he wrote; and I had that hero-worship sort of admiration for him that a young man has for a great man seen at a distance. I had recently been elected chaplain of the University of Virginia, and had been on a little trip to the North. As I came through Baltimore on my way back, knowing that Dr. Bledsoe resided there and was well known at the University, I decided to stop over and get acquainted with him. A

servant took my card, and I was at once received. I found him in a room at the end of the hall, seated at his desk, pen in hand, his manuscript before him. He wore a shade over his eyes. I think he must have had some defect in his vision, for his eyes squinted and blinked, and he used his handkerchief frequently. The room was piled with books, arranged in no order, but seemingly in utmost confusion. He did not greet me as I entered, but stared at me, as though he were looking me through, and, holding his pen in his hand, said: "Do you know Miller?"

I was so surprised that I hardly knew what answer to make, but said: "I know several Millers; which Miller do you mean?" "C. W. Miller, of Kentucky." I told him that I could not say that I knew Dr. Miller, although I had met him, and had the privilege of dining with him once. "Well, I know him," he said, "and he knows me. He is composed of three parts: one part alligator, one part bear, and one part jackass. He has the toughness of the first, the ferocity of the second, and the stupidity of the third." I was so astonished at hearing such savage criticism that I was for a moment at a loss what to say, felt a real embarrassment, and wished I had not come into the den of such a fierce combatant. But the tone and manner in which he said it, together with what I considered almost the discourtesy of his reception, kindled me up, and I replied that "I discovered no sign of any such traits in him when I saw him; that I had simply called to pay my respects, and express to him my appreciation"—he did not let me finish, but, saying, "Be seated, please," went on in a furious way about "Miller." The explanation of this is that he and Dr. Miller were then engaged in a controversy, and he could think of nothing else. At the first gap in the fence of his fiery speech I skipped. I

suppose he resumed his writing, and could not have told at dinner that I had been there. It gave me a very different idea of Dr. Bledsoe from what I had when I went into his den, and it took a good deal of subsequent intercourse to erase the bad impression his manner made. I met him at an unfortunate time, when he was in the heat of controversy; but then was he ever in any other mood?

No one who was present at the Virginia Annual Conference held at Danville in 1875 can forget his appearance before that body, and the debate on the *Review*. *The Southern Review* was his private property; but in the absence of any similar organ, the Southern Conferences gave it their moral indorsement and support, and he was there in its interest. It seems that the noted Presbyterian divine, Dr. Dabney, had in some way got into a theological conflict with Dr. Bledsoe over the moral status of infants, Dabney, of course, holding to the Calvinistic, and Bledsoe to the Arminian view. Somehow Dabney had slipped out of the ring and pushed Dr. Granbery in. Granbery was a clear thinker and most lovable man; but he was no match for Bledsoe either in ponderous logic, or dialectic skill, or furious temper of debate. It was like a lamb fighting with a bull. Besides, in this instance, Bledsoe's natural sharpness was made sharper still by circumstances that we must admit try even saintly natures. According to report, commonly believed, Dr. Bledsoe desired the Chair of Philosophy in the new Vanderbilt University to which Dr. Granbery had been elected; and the selection of Granbery instead of Bledsoe was due to Bishop McTyeire's preference. McTyeire was holding the Conference. Bledsoe was there to represent the *Review*. The matter came up when the Committee on Publishing Interests brought in their report. Dr. Bledsoe was given

the privilege of the floor, and we had a debate never to be forgotten by those who heard it.

Dr. Bledsoe was no speaker. Ungainly in person, hesitating in speech, awkward in manner, and without a single grace of the orator to offset his defects, he had to rely solely on the force of his argument. But that was simply irresistible. I loved Dr. Granbery, and had succeeded him as pastor of Broad Street Church, Richmond, where I learned to love him more; but Dr. Bledsoe simply tore him all to pieces. If he had stopped when he demolished Granbery's argument, all would have been well for him; but spurred on by that spirit of jealousy for a successful rival which destroys the judgment, he indulged in invective and sarcasm and ridicule of "the professor of moral philosophy in Vanderbilt University." He seemed to impale him on the point of his spear, and danced around the arena, holding him aloft in derisive scorn. It was plain to see that this produced a strong reaction in the sentiment of the Conference in favor of Granbery. I suppose all felt as I did, that he might answer his arguments, but it was unmanly to assail his good name. And you may say what you will, but when it comes to a choice between theoretic truth and dogmatic orthodoxy, and practical goodness, Methodist preachers are going to side with goodness. They did on this occasion, and their resentment to the sarcasm of Dr. Bledsoe was very manifest. They hastened to throw their shields above Dr. Granbery, and "No, no, no!" "That won't do!" and sundry other expressions of rebuke, were heard around the crowded house.

During the progress of the debate, Bishop McTyeire, who presided, sat immobile as a statue. He was in a very delicate relation to the case, and, whatever his feelings might be, could not afford to show the slightest favor to Dr. Granbery. It was easy to see that, while

the exterior was calm, there was a tumult inside. How could it be otherwise, when he saw his chosen teacher of philosophy in his new university held up and taunted as incompetent for the place? But he held in with wonderful self-control. He was watching his chance, however; and the moment Bledsoe exposed himself, McTyeire let fly a bolt that had the effect on Bledsoe that a "42-centimeter" shot had on the forts of Antwerp—knocked him all out of shape, and almost extinguished him. Bledsoe was swinging along in his arrogant, insolent, and jubilant manner, when he made the remark at some point that "Wesley agreed with him." Just then McTyeire's gavel fell with a resounding blow that was like the ring of a knightly challenge on an opponent's shield, and he rose from his chair with a commanding mien. Bledsoe suddenly stopped and glared at him. "If I am not mistaken, and if my memory is correct," said McTyeire, with all the pent-up fire of his suppressed resentment at Bledsoe's ridicule of "the bad memory of the professor of moral philosophy" spurting out in the emphasis he put on the word "correct"—"if I am not mistaken, and my memory is correct, Wesley had been in heaven many years before Dr. Bledsoe was born!" The effect was irresistible, and Bledsoe fell sprawling in the dust amid the cheers that greeted McTyeire's masterly thrust. But he recovered himself, and said to the Bishop: "Well, sit down, sit down; I agree with Wesley." "That will do," said McTyeire, as he resumed his seat amid thunderous applause. When the debate ended, Bledsoe came along the aisle where I was sitting. He stopped, shook hands with me, and said: "I understand you have taken Dr. Granbery's place." I told him that was a mistake; nobody could take Granbery's place; but I had been appointed to the place where Granbery used to be. "Then, young man," he said, "let me give you a piece

of advice: let me alone." I said: "Dr. Bledsoe, let me give you a piece of information: I have no brains to waste on you." I did not mean to be facetious, but he took it as a bright remark, and we never met after that without my receiving marked kindness from him.

II

The great Cromwell never did a wiser thing than when he invoked the genius of Milton's pen to vindicate English liberty. It is not generally known that Jefferson Davis, with the advice and approval of Gen. R. E. Lee, assigned to Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe a similar duty for the South. Whether the cause of the South should succeed or fail, it was equally important that the truth and justice of that cause should be fully proclaimed to the world. In pursuance of this important design, Mr. Davis sent Dr. Bledsoe to England "to gather materials for a constitutional argument on the right of secession, as no suitable material was to be found south of Mason and Dixon's line." This statement is made by his daughter, Mrs. Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, his silent but very able and accomplished assistant in editing the *Review,* and she continues: "While in England he collected in the British Museum the material for the book which appeared in 1866 under the title, 'Is Davis a Traitor; or, Was Secession a Constitutional Right Previous to the War of 1861?' " This title was chosen because at the time of its publication President Davis was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe, under indictment for treason. Charles O'Conor, Davis's counsel, said afterwards that he could not have succeeded in saving his client's life, if he had not been able to draw upon the contents of Bledsoe's book, since it would have been impossible for him to give the requisite time to studying

up the history of the Constitution of the United States as Dr. Bledsoe had done. Many people (and I am one of them) think that Dr. Bledsoe's defense of Davis made his acquittal a foregone conclusion. No court could venture to condemn him in the face of such testimony without itself incurring condemnation before the bar of History.

There was another work on which he was engaged, and which it is a great pity he did not complete. Let Mrs. Herrick tell us about that also. She says:

> In 1869 or 1870 Mr. W. W. Corcoran made a most generous offer to Dr. Bledsoe. Mr. Corcoran was profoundly Southern in his sympathies, and he desired to have a "Constitutional History of Secession" written, including a history of the Civil War; and he considered Dr. Bledsoe the most competent person to do the work. He therefore offered to pay all the expenses of such a work, which was to be issued in as many volumes as Dr. Bledsoe should wish, and printed in any style he might choose, and agreed to give to its author all the proceeds of the work. This project fell through more from a mental peculiarity of the writer than from any other cause. The work was thought out, and arranged in all its component parts; mentally it was a complete thing, and it was partially written. But by that time it had lost all its interest for the author. Certain chapters of the projected work appeared as articles in *The Southern Review*, and that was the end of a purpose entered upon with so much fire and enthusiasm, and with such promise of reputation and emolument.

It is a great pity that he did not write that book. We need just such a work. None of the "Constitutional" histories of the United States which I have read do the South justice. They are all written from the Northern standpoint, and naturally seek to justify the North. While Dr. Bledsoe was a partisan, and would undoubtedly have argued for our side of the question, it was one of his distinctive characteristics as a debater that he was always fair to the other side, unless, as in the case of the discussion with Dr. Granbery, you

stepped on his toes: then look out! He suppressed no facts that were against him, but marshaled them, and then refuted them. Sometimes his statement of his opponent's case was clearer than his opponent could make himself. Such a history as he would have written would have become a standard and an authority in its field. And the fact that Dr. Bledsoe was selected by such men as Davis, and Lee, and Corcoran for this work is the highest tribute that could be paid to his ability.

Bledsoe resembled Milton as a controversialist. Very few people read Milton—the more's the pity—and those who do read him read his poetry. But to appreciate Milton one must read his prose; and there he appears as a formidable fighter. There was not a stouter warrior in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides than his cultured Latin Secretary, nor a sword keener than his polished pen. Milton himself spoke of his prose as his "left hand," but with that "left hand" he did a service for English freedom—which was our freedom, too—as great as that which Cromwell himself rendered. If his poetry was a scimitar, keen-edged, glittering, and deftly handled, like Michael's heavenly sword "from the armory of God," that pierced,

> "Nor stayed,
> But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering,"

gave Satan his all but mortal wound; his prose was a battle-ax that smote like Abdiel's "noble stroke,"

> "Which hung not, but with so swift a tempest fell
> On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
> Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
> Such ruin intercept!"

Milton's prose is ponderous, paragraphs as long as the big army guns, with involved sentences that were like chain lightning; the "heavy artillery" of the intel-

lectual battle that was waged with all the ferocious courage and ruthlessness of the battlefield itself. Both Milton and Bledsoe were furious combatants. They were giants and fought like Titans. Milton did what Bledsoe never did with his pen, however he may have spit fire with his tongue, as in the case of Miller, sling mud at his opponents in a way that would have made Demosthenes, the champion mud-slinger of them all, gape with astonishment!

If you want to understand the temper of Milton's age, and the solemn earnestness of English patriotism, read Milton's "Areopigitica: A Plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," and his *"Pro Anglicana Populo Defensio!"* No trifling here. It was a bayonet thrust and was meant to stab tyranny to death. Milton lost his sight writing his "Defense of the People of England" against the attack of Salmasius, whom he calls a "superlative fool," a "miserable enchanted beast, a filthy swine, accustomed to a sordid slavery," and having a "she-husband"—though just what he means by that I do not know. Page after page blazes with the fiery logic that consumes the sophistries of his enemies. One wonders that the merry, skipping, dancing, airy numbers of "L'Allegro" and the tender sentiments of "Lycidas" could have come from a mind capable of such rank and malodorous personalities. "Paradise Lost" is a military poem. Milton evidently enjoyed fighting that battle in heaven. He was in his element and among congenial spirits as he told about those flaming angel warriors, and he reaches his highest strains in telling how they fought.

> "Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
> Made horrid circles; two broad suns, their shields
> Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
> In horror."

And so on, until the Devil's army was put to flight as completely as the army of the king at Dunbar. I do not know that Bledsoe ever attempted poetry; but his mind was kindred to Milton's, as the task set him by Davis and Lee resembled Milton's task as set by Cromwell.*

III

The task set before Dr. Bledsoe by Mr. Davis, the defense of the people of the South against the charge of treason and rebellion in their great struggle for the right of self-government, was a great one and worthy of the highest genius. But he had already set himself a far greater task: the defense of the Divine government of the world against the charge of responsibility for the evil which confronts us everywhere. This is a task which only the loftiest minds may attempt, and yet which seems to have a fascination for the great thinkers of the race. Some one has said, "The *mer de glace* of the Infinite is covered with myriads of philosophic insects which have been carried up there and lost." Yet undeterred by the fate of others, undismayed by the failure of the greatest minds to solve the problem, men still insist on attempting its solution. George Henry Lewes, a noted Positivist, averse to metaphysical speculation, says:

> No array of argument, no accumulation of contempt, no historical exhibition of the fruitlessness of its effort, has sufficed to extirpate the tendency to metaphysical speculation. Although its doctrines have become a scoff (except among the valiant few), its method still survives, still prompts to renewed research, and still misleads some men of science. In vain history points to the failure of twenty centuries. The metaphysician admits the fact, but appeals to History in proof of the persistent passion which no failure can dismay, and hence draws confidence in ultimate

* See Dr. Smith's letter on page 55.

success. A cause which is vigorous after centuries of defeat is a cause baffled, but not hopeless, beaten, but not subdued. The ranks of its army may be thinned, its banners torn and mud-stained; but the indomitable energy breaks out anew, and the fight is continued.

That is true, and one of the most successful excursions ever made to the "*mer de glace* of the Infinite" is Bledsoe's "Theodicy."

The underlying postulate of all these attempts to explain the Universe is the assumption that nature is rational. W. L. Walker says:

Now the very fact that the mind is impelled to seek a rational explanation of the Universe, and to reach that truly intelligible conception in which alone it can rest, implies both that there is such an understanding or explanation of the Universe to be reached, and that only one kind of satisfactory explanation can possibly be found. It is reason in man that seeks this rational explanation of the Universe; but clearly such an explanation is possible only if the Universe be rationally constituted.

"All thinking," says Professor Richie, quoted by Walker, "all effort to know and understand the Universe, in however partial a way, makes the assumption that, in so far at least as we can understand it, it is intelligible—*i. e.*, it is a coherent, intelligible system." Principal Caird, quoted by the same author, says:

All science starts with the tacit presumption that Nature is intelligible, and that there is reason or thought in things; and its progress is only the ever-advancing discovery of laws, of rational relations, of a coherent, self-consistent system, in the objects and events of the material world. The history of Science is the history of mind or intelligence finding itself in Nature. . . . If Nature were a mere chaos, without law or order or intelligible constitution, knowledge would be impossible, thought could find in the outward world nothing to grasp. But it is because law, rational order, and sequence, in one word, because reason exists in Nature, that Nature yields itself up to thought or intelligence. . . . Throughout the whole realm of Nature there is nothing irrational or unintelligible.

All of this is as true of the spiritual universe as of the material world. The order and harmony of the material universe are perfect, for matter in all its forms is under the laws of necessity; and the order and harmony of the spiritual universe are perfect in the ideal of God. But the existence of evil is a great and terrible contradiction of all we are obliged to believe about God. How did it come about that evil exists in a universe created by a God of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness? Either he could have kept evil out of it, or he could not. If we say he could have kept evil out of the universe, and did not do it, we impeach his goodness. If we say that he would have kept evil out if he could, but he could not, we impeach his power. In either case he is less than the being we are obliged to believe God must be. How are we to reconcile the existence of evil with the perfection of God?

I have said that Dr. Bledsoe helped me most along some lines of theological study, and it was at this point that he led me out into the light. My religious beliefs came to me by inheritance. Born in a Methodist home, the son of a Methodist preacher, trained up from infancy in the doctrines of the Methodist Church, my whole theological outfit was a part of my nature. But there came a time when I began to examine the reasons why I believed the doctrines I held. As soon as I began to think, I ran up against this problem of evil, and there I stopped. While I was in this semi-skeptical stage of theological development, and all at sea about the solution of this deep mystery of evil, a very dear friend, some years my senior, for whom I had great affection and admiration, married a highly cultured young lady who was a Presbyterian. He was a Methodist, but his wife's pastor was an able man, and his reasoning, aided by the blandishments of love, converted my friend and he be-

came an enthusiastic Presbyterian. With the zeal of a new convert, he set in to persuade me to become a Presbyterian. This led, of course, to the study of the differences between Methodist and Presbyterian belief. Just then I got hold of Bledsoe's "Theodicy." I read it with avidity, and I re-read it with greater avidity. The question was settled for me forever. I wondered how any one could be a Presbyterian. And, so far as theology is concerned, if the truth were told, I still wonder!

The doctrines of Bledsoe's "Theodicy" are the common belief of all Methodists and are taught in all Methodist theological writings; but I do not know where they are taught so fully and so clearly. The hinge on which the whole book turns, the key that fits into all the intricate wards of the problem, the Ariadne-thread by which the author finds his way through all the dark passages of the subject, and brings us out into the light after having slain the monster Error, is the simple proposition that freedom is the essence of moral action, that a necessitated virtue is a contradiction in terms, and an absurdity utterly irreconcilable with reason. If God is a rational being, as all admit he is, he cannot do an irrational thing. This is not to limit God's power; but to assert the perfection of his nature. God cannot lie, because he is essential truth. If a necessary virtue is an absurdity, and God cannot do an absurd thing, then he cannot be held responsible for the presence of evil in the world. Of course, God is responsible for the existence of the universe, and the question is forced back on an anterior question, Was God justified in creating the world as he did, foreknowing that evil would enter, and that he could not prevent it?

But this is another question, and Dr. Bledsoe handles it splendidly in the sixth chapter, where he applies his

principles to the whole problem of the universe. I think after reading the book you will be convinced of two things at least: first, that the only kind of being God could create consistent with his perfection was a moral being like man; and, secondly, that it was far more consistent with his perfection to create moral beings like man, even foreknowing that they would sin, than not to create at all. And this was the alternative arising out of the very perfection of the Godhead. This is certainly the most reasonable view to take of the case. I am sure that I would unspeakably prefer to be, with all my limitations and infirmities and troubles and sufferings, than not to be at all; and if there was no other way of bringing me into existence but on a plan that involved all these things, I will thank God to all eternity that he decided to give me a chance. I have had my full share, perhaps, of sorrow in this life, but I do not blame God for a bit of it; and much of it he has made to redound to my good. Life has proved an inexpressible blessing to me, and I have every reason to believe to my children. I think it would have been unreasonable in God to have withheld this blessing of existence from me, and the children he has given me, because others abuse his goodness, refuse his instruction, choose evil instead of good, and are lost. And if I have had a happy time here in this life, fighting with the forces of evil within and without, what may I not expect when this life is followed by the felicity of a life under higher and better conditions? No, away with the infidel absurdity that a mistake was made in creation! As Dr. Bledsoe unfolds the philosophy of the plan, it was worthy of the perfection of the Eternal and is infinitely glorious.

In discussing the subject the author takes a wide sweep, and examines all the various schemes of necessity from Augustine down to Chalmers and McCosh, and the

great contemporary champions of Calvinism. One after another Augustine, Calvin, Melanchthon, Edwards, Leibnitz, Dwight, and Dick, the intellectual giants who defend and uphold the systems of thought that make God the author of evil by the logical necessities of their theology, stride into the arena, and are struck down by this mighty protagonist of the freedom of the will! He exposes their sophistries, refutes their illogical reasoning, rescues the truth from the confusion of associated error, and illuminates the whole system of nature with the light of reason.

Dr. Bledsoe sticks to his subject and keeps the attention of the reader glued to his premise that a necessary volition is an impossibility, and that God cannot work impossibilities, cannot make two and two equal five, cannot make an outside without an inside, or make a straight line the longest distance between two points. He cannot do such things because he is God and by the necessity of his nature he cannot do an irrational thing. Luther put God above mathematics; but as Dr. Bledsoe says, that is not to exalt God, but to make Luther ridiculous; for the principles of mathematics are the principles of the divine nature incorporated in the material world. God's omnipotence always works in a rational way, for God is immutable, and there is perfect and eternal harmony in his nature. It is a part of his perfection that he "changeth not," and his immutability is reflected in the stability of the order of nature. The laws of mathematics are universal. In the remotest world that sparkles in the fields of space a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and two halves make a whole. If an architect were to be transported to Aldebaran, and undertook to erect a skyscraper there, he would have to proceed according to the same material laws which he finds here. The great fallacy

of the scheme of necessity is in thinking that "omnipotence" can do anything and everything. The great premise of the scheme of freedom is that "omnipotence" cannot do an irrational thing. Proceeding from that premise, we are able to get order out of the moral confusion of the world. This is not to "limit God," but to assert his infinite perfection, and to postulate eternal Reason as the groundwork of the Universe.

IV

Sometimes Dr. Bledsoe's blade has an edge of keenest satire and irony. The epithets he applied to Dr. Miller in his brief talk with me when I first met him in his den were genuine Miltonic weapons. You will find such expressions scattered freely over the pages of Milton's prose; but Bledsoe was more mindful of the amenities of debate, and left them off in his written discussion. But when he did cut, he cut to the bone. Look at this irony:

"I did not make myself," says Descartes, "for if I had made myself I should have given myself every perfection." Now this argument in true syllogistic form stands thus: If I had made myself, I should have endowed myself with every perfection; I am not endowed with every perfection; therefore I did not make myself. Surely after so clear a process of reasoning, no one can possibly doubt the proposition that Descartes did not make himself. In the same way we might prove that he did not make his own logic, for if he had made his logic, he would have endowed it with every possible perfection; but it is not endowed with every possible perfection; therefore he did not make it.

Take this thrust:

Archbishop Tillotson supposes that although God actually threatened to punish the wicked eternally, he does not intend, and is not bound, to carry this threat into execution. This penalty, he supposes, is set forth as a terror to evil-doers, in order to

promote the good order and well-being of the world; and after it has subserved its purpose, the law-giver will graciously remit a portion of the threatened penalty, and restore all his sinning creatures to purity and bliss. In reply to this extraordinary position, we shall only say that if the Almighty really undertook to deceive the world for its own good, it is a pity he did not take the precaution to prevent the Archbishop from detecting the cheat. It is a pity, we say, that he did not deceive the Archbishop as well as the rest of men; and not suffer his secret to get into the possession of one who has so indiscreetly published it to the whole world.

Take this stroke:

What does it signify that M. Voltaire, by a horrible abuse of his powers, should have extinguished the light of reason in his soul; does this disprove the goodness of that Being by whom those powers were given for a higher and nobler purpose? A fracture in the dome of St. Paul's would, no doubt, present as great difficulties to an insect lost in its depths, as the disorders of this little world presented to the captious and fault-finding spirit of M. Voltaire; and would as completely shut out the order and design of the whole structure from its field of vision as the order and design of the magnificent temple of the world were excluded from the mind of this very minute philosopher.

But really for such a deep thinker and merciless logician as Bledsoe to smite such a superficial, frivolous, and illogical critic of the universe as M. Voltaire, was like shooting a French 75-centimeter at a gnat! Bledsoe lets him off easy by calling him a "very minute philosopher," for it is only by a sort of strained courtesy that the honorable title "philosopher" can be applied to him at all. Yet the restless little scoffer of Verney was not altogether destitute of good points, and was as good, perhaps, as could be expected of one of his caliber, in the midst of the decayed Christianity whose rank corruption was all about him. Sainte-Beuve says he got better in his old age. "He is," he says, "the benevolent and zealous advocate of more than one good cause. What

in earlier years may have seemed feverish excitement became in the end a noble solicitude for the general interests. This honors his old age; it explains why the world has ended by attaching to his name a fame more real and more grandiose than so much waywardness and inconsistency would seem to warrant." Did Sainte-Beuve also regard M. Voltaire as a "very minute philosopher"?

V

One of the greatest charms about Dr. Bledsoe is the transparent clearness of his thought and style. Many writers on metaphysical subjects are so obscure that one can understand them with difficulty, if at all. Kant is as dense as a fog on the Baltic coast. Hegel—well, he is two or three fogs combined in one. So of most of the German philosophers. I can understand Eucken but he has no message for me. He repudiates the fundamental truths of Christianity, especially the deity of Christ. After doing this, to attempt to explain "The Problem of Human Life" is like trying to explain the construction of the Capitol at Washington after repudiating the architectural principles on which it is built. A man who does not know where the Universe came from, or whither it is going, is unable to tell us in what latitude we are on the great ocean of existence. He has lost the compass. French writers, as a rule, are clearer than the Germans for me; but Bergson out-Germans the Germans in obscurity. I have read his book, "Creative Evolution," time and again, from cover to cover; read it in my clearest moments; read it in the mountains all alone, when my whole nature felt the vigor of the higher atmosphere and my mental faculties were at their best. I did it because so many said it is "great," and I determined to understand it. But I have never been

able to make heads or tails out of it. Bergson reminds me of a story I read about Robert Browning. Some one asked him what he meant by some of his poetry. He said to a friend who was by him: "What did I mean? I meant something." Bergson, perhaps, means something, but what it is, is beyond me; and I suspect, if the truth were known, it would puzzle him to tell himself. His translator acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. William James for "the illumination of much that was dark to me." So I am not the only one to whom "Creative Evolution" is "dark." I can understand William James, and generally have some of his books within my reach, and I understand and enjoy Bledsoe; so the fault cannot be altogether in me.

Bledsoe is as clear as a sunbeam on the most recondite subjects. Take this as a sample. He is defending the doctrine of eternal punishment, and vindicating it as consistent with the goodness of God. He says:

> We do not suppose that the soul of the guilty will continue to sin forever because it will be consigned to the regions of the lost; but we suppose it will be consigned to the regions of the lost, because, by its own repeated acts of unrighteousness, it has made sure of its eternal continuance in sinning. God dooms no man to sin—neither by his power nor by his providence. But it is a fact against which there will be no dispute, that if a man commit a sin once, he will be still more apt to commit the same sin again under the same or similar circumstances. The same thing will be true of each and every succeeding repetition of the offenses until the habit of sinning may be so completely wrought into the soul, so firmly fixed there, that nothing can check it in its career of guilt. Neither the glories of heaven, nor the terrors of hell, may be sufficient to change its course. No amount of influence brought to bear upon its feelings may be sufficient to transform its will. "There is a certain bound to imprudence and misbehavior," says Butler, "which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things." And may we not also add, nor in the supernatural course of things either; and there only remains a certain

looking for of judgment. As this may be the case, for aught we know, nay as it seems probable that this is the case, no one is authorized to pronounce endless sufferings unjust, unless he can first show that the object of them has not brought upon himself an eternal continuance in the practice of sin. In other words, unless he can first show that the sinner does not doom himself to an eternity of sinning, he cannot reasonably complain that his Creator and the Judge dooms him to an eternity of suffering. . . . The spectacle of punishment for a single day, it will be admitted, would be justified on the ground that it was necessary to support for a single day a government; especially if that government were vast in extent and involved stupendous issues. But if such suffering for a single day may be justified on such a ground, then the exigencies of such a government for two days would justify a punishment for two days; and so on *ad infinitum*.

So he goes on with his unanswerable logic, annihilating universalism and vindicating the honor of Almighty God against the charges brought against his government by shallow thinking.

VI

Dr. Bledsoe entered the Confederate Army as a colonel. Mr. Davis made him Assistant Secretary of War; but he was totally unfit for the place, both because of his lack of business qualifications and of diplomacy. He knew nothing about business and cared less; and his speech before the Virginia Conference at Danville showed his utter want of that practical knowledge of human nature which is indispensable in an executive officer. Of this defect he was utterly unconscious. In this he was unlike Montesquieu, who realized his limitations. Montesquieu makes this confession, quoted by Sainte-Beuve:

"What has always given me a rather bad opinion of myself," he said, "is that there are very few employments in the republic for which I should be truly fitted. As for my office of judge,

I have a very just heart, I readily comprehend questions in themselves; but as to legal procedure, I never understand it. Nevertheless, I applied myself to learn it; but what disgusted me the most was to see stupid fellows possess the very talent that escaped me, so to speak."

We agree with Sainte-Beuve: "From this we may infer that Montesquieu was not practical." And some of us share Montesquieu's "disgust" that "stupid fellows" can so easily beat us in the game.

Dr. Bledsoe was first and last a scholar and a thinker. They were on the right track when they set him to wield the pen and not the sword. In an office directing business, he was as incompetent as a child; but in his study writing, he was a force to be dealt with. In her sketch of his life, in "The Library of Southern Literature," his daughter, Mrs. Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, omits any mention of the fact that he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and became a local minister in that Church. But he did, and his *Review* was adopted by many of our Annual Conferences, and became the lineal forerunner of the present *Methodist Quarterly Review*. Of course, there were cynical-minded people who said that Dr. Bledsoe joined the Methodist Church to get its support for his *Review;* but that was to accuse him of insincerity, of which he was incapable, and to credit him with a practical shrewdness utterly foreign to his nature. It is more probable that his studies had led him to see that the theology of the Methodist Church was more in harmony with his own belief than that of the Episcopal Church of which he was a member.

I said that Dr. Bledsoe was no speaker, and that brings up the memory of a situation. At the Conference in Richmond, following the one in Danville, Dr. Bledsoe was present, and asked to be put up to preach. As he was very friendly with me, and I was chairman

of the committee on public worship—the Conference meeting in my Church—he told me so. Knowing that he was no speaker, to be honest about it, I tried to work him off on some of the other brethren. But none of them would take him, so he was appointed to my pulpit. He preached, or rather read, one of his masterly papers in his heavy, tedious way; but I held my place in his good graces. He lived in Washington and frequently preached for the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, of which Dr. Alpheus W. Wilson, who could preach, was pastor. What a conjunction of planets that was!

When I recall the men of that generation, especially the brilliant galaxy of Southern leaders, like Davis and Lee and Jackson, and Lamar and Bledsoe and Curry and Broadus and James A. Duncan, and a long roll besides, I sometimes wonder if we have made any advance in the art of making men. We have made immense advance in material things. We have better houses, better churches, better roads, better facilities for travel, better methods of work—telephones, radios, airplanes, and all the rest; but have we nobler men and women? We hear a great deal about Eugenics, and Science, and Education, and are astounded by the scale on which work is done to-day—millions now being more common than thousands then; but can we produce finer specimens of character than that age offers? To listen to some of the speeches and read some of the writings of some of the advocates of woman suffrage to-day, one would be constrained to conclude that the women of that age were a very ignorant, effeminate, and incompetent class, held in a sort of servile subjection to men, deprived of their "rights," and objects of just commiseration. But could the mothers of such men be the mental imbeciles and social dolls the political women of to-day make them out?

Men and women are the final product of civilization.

Society exists to produce them. Progress must be determined, not by the height of skyscrapers—perhaps we have not yet reached the height of the tower of Babel or the soaring temple of Belus in "great Babylon"; nor by the speed of our trains or the size of our ocean steamers; nor by the Dreadnaughts and Submarines and Zeppelins and Aëroplanes we build; but by the type of men and women we rear! Surpass Lee and his contemporaries before you cast slurs on the social order that produced them. Do not misunderstand me. I am not saying that we do not produce fine men and women to-day. Woodrow Wilson will stand out to future generations as a noble example of what we still can do. I am simply saying that men and women are the test of civilization, and by that test the Old South whose banner was furled at Appomattox can look the world in the face unashamed.

It is a pity that Bledsoe's "Theodicy" is out of print. It ought to be in the course of study for our young preachers. Calvinism is still preached in its rankest form in some of the pulpits of the country, and there is no weapon that more effectively refutes it than this book. No one need ask to borrow my volume. I enjoy nothing more than, after a light supper—yes, I take pound-cake, the old-fashioned sort, whenever I can get it, even for supper—and the evening devotions are over, and I am left alone, to put on my slippers, stick my feet up on the mantel, take down Bledsoe's "Theodicy," and see him lift the great metaphysican and American champion of Calvinism, Jonathan Edwards, out of his saddle, and leave him sprawling in the dust! Then to see Leibnitz tumble to his puissant lance, then another and another of the defenders of the scheme of Necessity go down before him. I forget when bedtime comes.

It is pleasant to reflect that before his end came Dr.

Bledsoe became a very different man from the fighter he was in his prime. All his conflicts were in the past; all the asperities incident to the strenuous controversies in which so much of his life was spent were softened; all the bitterness of strife gave place to the sweetness of love, and he became as gentle as a little child. Really love was the inspiration of his life all along; but it was love militant, love contending against what he believed was error, love that was jealous for the truth. There is nothing fiercer than true love when it contends for the right. Jesus was none the less the "meek and lowly one" when he flamed into indignation at the desecration of the Temple by its prostitution to unhallowed purposes. The lash with which he scourged the mercenary offenders against its sanctity was not inconsistent with the tears of tenderness which he shed when he wept over the city. Do we not read of "the wrath of the Lamb"? As the veteran who, after the storm of war, dies in peace amid the holy hush of home, so Dr. Bledsoe, after his life of strenuous conflict, sank quietly to rest with those whom he loved around him. It was like the sun, just before it sets, coming out in serene beauty and after a day of wind and rain and storm. And the air is all the purer for the tempest that has passed.

The foregoing paper is the reprint, by the kind permission of the editor of the *Methodist Review,* of the article published in that journal when it was edited by that fine scholar and Christian gentleman, Rev. Gross Alexander, D.D. When Dr. Francis H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Bledsoe's, read the article in the *Review,* he wrote me the following letter, which, though a personal mes-

sage, I am sure its distinguished author will not object to my giving to the public, as it throws some more light on Dr. Bledsoe's character.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

My Dear Dr. Steel: Thank you very heartily for a copy of the last number of the *Methodist Review*. . . . I am a subscriber to that magazine, and having received early warning that your article on Dr. Bledsoe was to appear, my wife and I were for weeks anticipating its coming with lively expectations. These have been fully met. I am glad Dr. Alexander gave it first place. But if he had not, it would still have been first read here.

You seem to have lost none of your power. The article is full of merit, literary and biographical. I am glad it appears now. My own acquaintance with Dr. Bledsoe covered more years than yours, and he admitted me to an intimacy which in several respects was peculiar. It revealed a man who has ever been close to my heart: full of courage, strength, clearness, industry, and loyal to his friends. In all these years, despite many provocations from me, he never gave me a cross or unfriendly word. It stirs me deeply to recall him. I count it one of the gifts of God to me to have been associated with him as both professor and, after the war, as my friend.

He rated, I think, his poetic capacity (never, I believe, communicated to the world by type) as his highest faculty. He spent part of his last years on the composition of a Theodicy in verse, some of which at times he read to me. It appeared to me to be a striking effort. His manuscript must have been left in the hands of Mrs. Herrick. Perhaps it was never actually finished, and thus never published.

Your impression of him in the pulpit was doubtless that of the general public. I never heard him, I believe, but once after he donned the robe of a Methodist preacher. His text was, "The Lord God is a sun," and his discussion to us old friends was very impressive from its learning, its accurate scientific description, and its marks of ability. . . .

Very warmly yours,
FRANCIS H. SMITH.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

It was a singular thing that the man who dealt the first and most effectual blow to my "sectional prejudice" was a man who, of all others, was the object of my most intense hatred: Henry Ward Beecher. During the "Civil War," and after, Beecher was pastor of a great congregation in Brooklyn, N. Y. His fame was international, and he divided the honors of being the greatest living preacher with Charles H. Spurgeon, of London, England. His sermons were published in the leading papers and were doubtless read by millions. The South had no more bitter and vindictive enemy than Beecher. From his pulpit he hurled the most terrible denunciations against the "vile slaveholders," the barbarians of the South, traitors and enemies of mankind. His sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, had written her book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had a tremendous run, and stirred up the North to rise and destroy the institution of domestic slavery. Its influence extended to England, and helped to create a public opinion that effectually blocked the way to the recognition of the South by the British Government. The book totally misrepresented slavery, and did the Southern people great injustice. As Macaulay observes, all the particular facts of a narrative may be true, and yet they may be so presented that on the whole they make a false impression. This applies especially to Mrs. Stowe's book. It was written, not to tell the truth about slavery, but to arouse the people of the North to abolish it; and it succeeded. Gen. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, says of

"Uncle Tom's Cabin": "Translated into every civilized tongue, it soon became world literature. In Great Britain, and especially in Lancashire, it 'carried the new gospel to every cabin in the land.' Whoever in those days read anything read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" Adams says that as King Pyrrhus, the Epirot, was killed by a tile thrown from a housetop by a woman, so General Lee "underwent a not dissimilar fate; for, as a historical fact, it was a missile from a woman's hand which was decisive of that Lancashire conflict, and so doomed the Confederacy," by preventing foreign recognition.

Beecher, too, had toured England, speaking everywhere to immense crowds against the South, and holding the Southern people up to the contempt and scorn and righteous indignation of the English public as a race of cruel oppressors of the poor negro. He seems never to have remembered that his folks brought the "poor negro" over here and, finding him unprofitable in the North, sold him to the South for a good price; and that the ships that brought the slaves from Africa were built in New England and were manned by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. He threw the whole weight of his wonderful oratory in favor of the most radical and violent measures to abolish slavery. That would have been excusable, for he honestly detested the institution of slavery; what aroused my anger toward him was his abuse of the Southern people. I resented that with all the energy of my nature. It did not help to moderate my hatred to know that he was the brother of the woman whose pen was as vicious toward us as his tongue. This was my attitude toward Beecher, and it was not "prejudice," but human nature.

I was pastor of Broad Street Methodist Church in Richmond, Va., then, as now, one of the leading churches

of that city of churches. One morning, I think it was in the winter of 1876, all Richmond was stirred by the announcement that Henry Ward Beecher would lecture in Richmond on a certain date! Public sentiment was aroused. Everybody talked about it and denounced Beecher. When you met one on the street the most frequent question was: "Did you ever hear of such insolence?" And it did look like audacious insolence, if not positive insult, for a man who had exhausted the vocabulary of abuse on Richmond as the "nest of sedition and traitors" to come there to lecture. But Beecher had the nerve to do it, and did it. I heard that Beecher's manager strongly objected to his Southern tour, and urged him not to attempt it; but Beecher was resolved to come South, and in the light of the result of his trip, his judgment was wise and his motive patriotic.

Much as I hated him, I resolved to hear him. Even as a young man I would not let my prejudice control my conduct, and could see no sense in one biting off his nose to spite his face. Beecher was a world-renowned orator and I was an enthusiastic student of the art of public speaking, and might learn something from him that would help me. Then I confess I was curious to see the "monster." One of the leading members of my Church was Mr. Stephen Putney, a prominent shoe merchant of Richmond. Mr. Putney was a native of Malden, Mass., a suburb of Boston, a genuine New Englander. But he had lived many years in Richmond, and, as in almost every case of Northern people who lived in the South then, he outdid the native Southerners in "prejudice" against the New England folks—I say "prejudice," because that is what the namby-pamby type of Southerner calls the robust and vital sentiment of loyalty to our Southern ideals. Mr. Putney hated Beecher as much as I did. When I told him of my

purpose to hear Beecher he at once begged me not to go. He said Richmond ought to give him the cold shoulder as the mildest resentment she could make toward her bitter enemy. He said there might be trouble, for he had heard serious men say they would be prepared to give Beecher all he wanted if he attempted to get off any of his anti-Southern tommyrot when he came; in short, he said there was a strong probability of violence. "Don't go," he said. I reluctantly took his advice.

But Beecher had no occasion to miss me from his audience, for it jammed the largest hall in the city. A friend told me about it the next day. He said the eagerness to see and hear the notorious denouncer of the South, the champion liar and traducer of the Abolition party, was so great that the hall was crowded almost as soon as the doors were opened, and standing room was at a premium. Prudent precaution was taken to keep order and prevent any unseemly demonstration, and policemen were on hand in case of need. When Beecher came on the platform the silence in the audience was perfect; one might have heard a pin drop, and the feeling was intense. It was an ominous silence, like the calm that often precedes a storm. But Beecher had not spoken ten minutes until the ice began to thaw; then a reaction in his favor began to succeed to the enmity; and before he had proceeded far, the spell was on his audience, and he had them in his power. He spoke nearly two hours, receiving cheer after cheer, and when he closed the audience rose and made the rafters rattle with prolonged applause! Many prominent citizens rushed to the platform to shake hands with him, and Boston itself could not have given him a greater ovation. It was a tremendous victory, and a wonderful illustration of the power of real oratory, to meet a bit-

terly hostile audience, overcome the antagonism, and convert enmity into friendship.

Of course, I was angry with myself for missing such a fine opportunity to hear an orator who could achieve such a triumph. When you met persons next day the question they asked was, "Did you hear Beecher? Wasn't he grand?"

Shortly after Beecher's visit to Richmond I went on a visit to Nashville, Tenn., where I was the guest of Rev. D. C. Kelley, at that time, if my memory is correct, pastor of McKendree Church. I was delighted to learn that Beecher was booked to speak in Nashville during my stay there, and I resolved to hear him that time without fail. To my surprise, Dr. Kelley encouraged me to hear him. Kelley was a gallant Confederate soldier, succeeded Forrest as Colonel of Forrest's regiment when Forrest was promoted to be General. The South had no more courageous or devoted defender than David C. Kelley; but he took the larger view of life, had the cosmopolitan mind, the true national spirit. He earnestly opposed secession, but as earnestly opposed the unconstitutional action of Lincoln in attempting to coerce the Southern States, and fought to the finish on the side of the South, though he said he never believed the South could win in the struggle.

We went early to get seats to hear Beecher, but found the hall almost full when we got there, such was the eagerness of the public to hear the famous Beecher. We had to take seats away back in the hall. The audience in Nashville felt toward Beecher just as the Richmond audience felt, though the press reports of Beecher's speeches at other places on his tour of the South had somewhat disarmed hostility and made public opinion more lenient toward him. Still he was received with perfect silence. He came on the platform with the chair-

man of the meeting seemingly in a mighty good humor, smiling and chatting with the chairman, and apparently unconscious of being among people who had a perfect right to regard him with bitter enmity. As I remember him, from where I sat he looked like a large man, corpulent, with a massive head and a heavy suit of hair, and a big mouth. He was ungraceful in his manner and his presence did not specially impress one. I remember how I felt when he appeared. I said to myself: "Well, that is you, is it, enemy of my country; traducer of my people; the man whose tongue, like a poisoned sword, has defamed the South in the four quarters of the civilized world!" That was my mood toward him, in spite of the moderating hostility of public sentiment.

I well remember his opening sentences—not his language, but his sentiments. He said he was glad to be there, and appreciated such a large audience. He was very sure that if he had visited Nashville a few years earlier he would have been received by just as large an audience, and equally sure that his body would have been dangling from the limb of the nearest tree. He said this in such an inimitably humorous way that, instead of provoking anger, it elicited smiles. A lady sitting near me said softly, "That is so." He had not spoken ten minutes before, in spite of my purpose not to be charmed by the wily serpent, the ice in me began to melt, and soon he had everybody in his grip.

His subject was "The Reign of the Common People; or, The Epic of Democracy." He traced rapidly the history of the rise of democracy, touching slightly on the growth of democracy in Greece, Rome, Italy, the little "states" of Europe in the Middle Ages, seed-plots of democratic harvests in after years, the uprising of the common people in the French Revolution, and the steady progress of Anglo-Saxon democracy in England

and its full blossom and ripe fruitage in America. He took a wide sweep over the alluring fields of history, and illustrated his subject with a great many examples drawn from the past. His style was simple, and colloquial, and while there was not much deep thought about his message, it was luminous with practical truth. I think the secret of his power was not in his subject or in his treatment of it, but in his wonderful personality. Somehow, like all great orators, he seemed to hypnotize his hearers, and carried them along *nolens volens* wherever he would. It is certain that he had that Nashville audience absolutely under the spell of his oratory.

I, as perhaps the majority of the audience, kept expecting him to lug in the war. He doubtless knew we were expecting him to say something on that ticklish subject. It was far on in his speech, toward the end, that he made his only reference to the actual situation of the country. It was a dangerous point to pass. The South was in the midst of the Reconstruction era, that orgy of misrule that will forever blot the annals of our country. Again I do not quote his language, but his sentiment: "But you will ask what about our recent struggle? Does that not prove the failure of democracy? Does it not show that there are elements within the system that will explode, wreck its ideals, and destroy its hopes?" He said he would illustrate his view of the war by a little story of a man in Ohio who moved west. He was a poor farmer, with a large and growing family. Ohio was fast filling up, land had become valuable, and his farm was in demand. So he concluded he would sell his farm, move to Iowa where land was rich and cheap, and make a new start. He sold his farm, loaded his household goods on a wagon, took a couple of cows along, put his wife and little folks in a buggy,

had his two little boys to drive the cows, and with a dog tied under the buggy, they started toward sunset for the land of promise. They traveled slowly across Indiana and the prairies of Illinois, and at length reached the shore of the Mississippi River.

The water was up, the river out of its banks, and the ferryboat had gone away, and would not be back for several days; so he prepared to camp until it returned. He took out his teams and fed them; the boys gathered some wood and their mother made ready to cook supper, while he took one of the boys and a bucket, and went down to the riverside to get water. As he stooped to dip up the water, he observed that the current was flowing toward the north. He was puzzled; and to make sure that he was right, he threw a big stick in the water. Sure enough it floated north. He said to his little boy: "Sonny, don't the Mississippi River run south?" The little fellow said he didn't know. When he reached his camp, he said to his wife: "Wife, don't the Mississippi River run south?" She said she did not know. "Well," he said, "that is what I always believed." But he was all turned around and was afraid they were lost; for the current of the river they had reached ran north. Next morning he went to a near-by house, and said, "Hello!" A man came out to the front gate, and the traveler said: "My friend, what river is this?" "That is the Mississippi River," the man replied. "I thought the Mississippi River ran south," the traveler said. "It does." "Well, I went down to the water last evening, and this river runs north." The man laughed and said: "What you saw is an eddy. Come with me." He led him to a high point on the bluff, where there was an unobstructed view of the great river flowing with its mighty flood-current, and said: "Now look yonder. See that big tree floating on the current. Isn't it going

south?'' ''I see,'' the traveler said, ''the main stream is flowing in the right direction!''

''I regard our great struggle,'' said Beecher, ''as only an eddy in the mighty ongoing of history. Climb higher, and catch a glimpse of the great world-current of Providence, and you will see that the main stream is flowing in the right direction!''

Well, the effect was electrical. I found myself applauding as lustily as any one in the assembly! If any one had told me when I started to the meeting that I would applaud Beecher, I would have said: ''You are crazy! You don't know me. Never!'' Yet I did. Now it was that illustration that cut the band of my ''narrowness.'' It gave me an inkling of a philosophy of history that I had not up to that time considered. My horizon was immeasurably widened that night. Our war an ''eddy''! What an idea! I date my emancipation from ''sectionalism'' from that meeting, and owe it to the man toward whom my ''sectional prejudice'' had expended its bitterest sentiment. It has long been the key to the interpretation of history for me. Search for the main stream. Faith in the abiding truth that it flows in the right direction is an anchor that holds one steady in the storms that are sure to assail him. The ultimate results of history are the judgments of God. It is this that makes a knowledge of history so valuable. As Lord Acton observes, ''A knowledge of history rescues us from the evanescent and vanishing, and fixes our attention on abiding issues''; and we see that the main stream flows in the right direction.

When the World War was at its height I received a letter from Thomas Nelson Page, our Ambassador to Italy. We had known each other at the University of Virginia many years ago. In his letter Mr. Page said: ''Much water has gone under the bridge since you and

I were together; but we have kept our bearings!'' Ah, that is the important thing. And nothing helps us to keep our bearings more than a firm conviction that the main stream of the world's life flows in the right direction, though there may be ''many a backward streaming curve of time.'' And I owe the discovery of that great truth to Henry Ward Beecher.

DWIGHT L. MOODY

ANOTHER man I met along the early part of the Sunny Road of my life, and who exerted a great influence on me, was the distinguished evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. Measured by his usefulness, the vast number of people he preached to, the multitude he persuaded to live right, and the permanent good he did in his life, Moody was one of the really great men of his generation. He was not a scholar, not a thinker, not an orator; yet he possessed wonderful power. He had limited educational advantages, was almost wholly a "self-made man," and was lacking in the refinements of culture and the polished manners of academic association. He was short in stature, and stoutly built, with broad, brawny shoulders, on which his massive head sat firmly. I heard him tell a preacher who complained of sore throat that he had the advantage of him; the Lord gave him such a short neck that he had no throat to get sore! He was a typical New England Yankee who, by living in Chicago, had acquired all the vim and drive of the New West. In action he was a Mogul engine.

Moody was a great organizer and a splendid executive manager. Yet his plans, like the bones in his body, were hardly visible, so perfectly were they subordinated to the spirit of his work. You were not conscious of any organization, yet everything went by system, and moved as smoothly as a Corliss engine. He simply conducted his religious work as he would have managed a big commercial business, and the mainspring was the *esprit de corps,* the spirit of the work. He took the Bible literally,

and I thought some of his interpretations of Scripture were quaint; but he had an open mind, as was evidenced by his having Henry Drummond, the eminent Scotch scientist, on his program at his Northfield Summer School, and, if I am not mistaken, George Adam Smith also. I liked his plan of conducting a revival with an "Inquiry Room" for seekers after God; and indeed, in view of the multitudes who came to hear him preach, it was the only practical way to handle that part of the work. But I have often thought of what he said to me the last time we were together, that he was becoming skeptical about "the omnibus method of getting people saved." There are advantages in massing our forces occasionally, but the best results are achieved by the individual churches keeping alive the evangelistic fires around their own altars.

I met Mr. Moody under peculiar circumstances. In 1875 he held a great meeting in Philadelphia. I was pastor of Broad Street Methodist Church in Richmond, Va., young, inexperienced, and in a pulpit that had been filled by such men as James A. Duncan, David S. Doggett, and John C. Granbery. I was an eager student of everything that would help me, for I felt the real need of a better preparation than I had had for my task. The daily papers reported the Moody meeting, publishing his sermons, as they do the Billy Sunday meetings now. There seemed to me such a discrepancy between the published sermons of Mr. Moody in their subject-matter, and what I thought they must be, that I wondered how they could have such a tremendous effect. I resolved to go over to Philadelphia, hear him myself, and discover if I could the secret of his success.

The meeting was held in a vast tabernacle which stood, if I am not mistaken, where the great Wanamaker store now stands. I call it "vast," and you can believe it

when I tell you that it seated thirteen thousand chairs by actual count. I knew nobody in Philadelphia and supposed nobody knew me. I went to the tabernacle early to be sure to get a seat. The doors were not opened until thirty minutes before the time for service to begin. Groups of people were standing, and rapidly growing in numbers, lining up to get in as soon as the doors were opened, and policemen were on hand to keep order. I was suddenly startled by a voice which said: "Hello, Steel, what are you doing here in Yankeeland?" The gentleman who spoke proved to be a drummer who had heard me preach in Richmond, and to whom I had shown some little courtesy. I told him that I had come to attend the Moody meeting. He said: "Come with me, and I will introduce you to Mr. Moody." I thanked him, but told him that I did not expect to meet him. He insisted, and I followed him to a side door over which there was a sign, "Ministers' Entrance." The doorkeeper knew my friend, and when he told him that I was a minister, he admitted us. We went into a large room, and there, seated at the head of a long table, was D. L. Moody. Next to him sat his singer, Ira D. Sankey, and around the table were some twenty or more ministers. They were holding a council about the meeting. Approaching Mr. Moody, my friend said: "Excuse me, Mr. Moody, for this intrusion; but let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Steel. Brother Steel is the pastor of Broad Street Methodist Church, South, in Richmond, Va., and he has come over to attend the meeting." Mr. Moody rose, greeted me cordially, shook hands, said in his brusque manner that he was glad to see me, pointed to a vacant chair near the center of the table, and invited me to be seated with them. He then introduced me to the group. As he resumed his seat he said: "Dr. Hatfield, shake hands with Brother Steel." This was

said to the preacher who sat just across the table from me. It threw me into a panic. If there was a man anywhere in the round world that I hated at the time more than another, it was a certain Methodist preacher in Philadelphia named Hatfield. His malignant pen had vilified the South in unmeasured terms. In Richmond I was Dr. Lafferty's pastor. He was editor of the *Christian Advocate,* and I frequently went to his office to look over his exchanges, and so read Hatfield's venomous contributions. I could not shake hands with that man! But I had no time to reflect, the thing was so suddenly thrust on me. I said to myself, "He may not be the man who wrote the abominable lies about the South." So I gave him the benefit of the doubt; and as he extended his hand across the table, I took it. Moody said: "Hold your hands a minute. See, brethren, Dr. Hatfield and Brother Steel shake hands across the bloody chasm. 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'" Just then Mr. Sankey began the song, "Blest be the tie that binds," in which they all joined. When they ceased, Mr. Moody said: "Let us pray." He led the prayer, and I never heard just such a prayer. He thanked the Lord for bringing me to Philadelphia; thanked the Lord that I was in Richmond, dear Richmond, a city renowned throughout the world for its noble fidelity to its traditions, for its heroic defense, for its delightful people. He prayed that the richest blessings of heaven might rest upon me, my church, and Richmond. And he prayed with fervor and tremendous earnestness. I was amazed. All the ice of my anti-Northern prejudice melted. I wept, overcome with emotion. Like Jacob, I said: "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." I felt in my soul that all the good folks did not live in my part of the country—a salutary discovery!

The conference concluded and we went upstairs. Mr. Moody said to me, "Come with me." When we reached the platform, he gave me a seat near where he stood. What a sight! Massed before us were thirteen thousand people, with upturned faces, waiting eagerly to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing. Mr. Moody's subject was "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." I soon discovered that the secret of Moody's power was not in his learning, not in his oratory; not in his executive management, but in his sanctified personality. He believed his message. I recalled an incident of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson started out to be a preacher, but became skeptical, and not only gave up the ministry, but seldom attended church. He was sometimes seen, however, in the congregation of "Father Taylor," a noted sailor's preacher in Boston. Some one said to Emerson: "Why do you go to hear Father Taylor? You do not believe what he preaches." "No," replied Emerson, "but Father Taylor does." A man must believe his message himself if he is going to make other people listen. By the way, some one said to Father Taylor: "Why do you associate with Emerson? If what you preach is true, Emerson is going to hell." "If he does, he'll change the climate," was Father Taylor's laconic reply.

When Moody finished his sermon, Mr. Sankey sang, as he only could sing, the then famous song, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." Every sentence was distinct, musical, and aflame with deep emotion. Like the orator, the singer must feel himself the truth of his song to make others feel, and Sankey put his whole soul into the song. Moody said: "Let us pray." I looked over the audience, and it seemed as if every head was bowed. There were a few moments of silence, and then in a deep, tender voice

Sankey began to sing, "Almost persuaded." He sang the song through to the last word, and pausing at that he said: "O God of mercy, forbid that any one here shall ever utter that last word." That last word was "lost"—"almost, but—lost!" This sounds as if it were staged for theatrical effect; but that was not so. It came in perfectly natural, and the effect was tremendous. The "Inquiry Rooms" were thronged with serious men and women who anxiously sought the way of life. That was the beginning of a delightful friendship with Dwight L. Moody.

While I was pastor of the Walnut Street Methodist Church in Louisville, Ky., Mr. Moody came there to hold a meeting. It was held in a spacious tabernacle erected on Broadway adjoining the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, which was used for the Inquiry meetings. When the pastors coöperating in the meeting met Mr. Moody in conference and asked him what he wanted us to do, he gave a few instructions, made a few suggestions, and said the only appointment he would make then was "Mr. Steel as my first assistant." I was very much surprised and wondered why he had chosen me for such a responsible part, when there were older and more capable men present. When we adjourned, he touched me on my shoulder and said, "Come with me to my room."

When we were alone, I told him that, while I appreciated the honor of being his "first assistant," I feared he had made a mistake in the appointment. "Why so?" he asked. I then told him that while the Methodists were heartily enlisted in the meeting, yet a Baptist layman, Mr. McFerran, had put ten dollars to our one in the tabernacle, and the Baptists might, perhaps justly, feel that they were entitled to the first honors. He said that had nothing to do with it; that he must have a

man to follow him who would be heard all over the tabernacle from the first word he spoke; that some preachers had to talk twenty minutes before they got warmed up sufficiently to speak loud enough to be heard at the back of the crowd; and that he knew that I spoke to the man at the front door. As my duty was to take charge of the meeting after he closed and carry on the invitation, I saw his point and acquiesced in his appointment.

When we reached his room at the hotel, he locked his door for undisturbed privacy, and then told me that he had heard of my great sorrow in the death of my good wife; how my church had, in sympathetic kindness, offered me a month's rest; how I had declined it, and was in my pulpit the Sunday after my loss, and gave as my reason that if my loved one could be consulted, she would not want me to lose any time because of her going away. He said he had a little book he wanted to give me. He tried to get it in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, but could not find it in any American bookstore. Then he tried London, with the same result. But he remembered that he saw a copy in the home in Glasgow, Scotland, where he was entertained when in that city some years before. So he wrote to the people there, and asked for the little book. They kindly sent it to him, and he wanted to read me the little poem. The name of the little book was "Ezekiel," and the poem was about Ezekiel's sorrow in the sudden death of his wife, and his conduct in not letting his grief interrupt his work. Mr. Moody then read the poem, which took, perhaps, twenty or thirty minutes. There were several knocks on the door, but he paid no attention to them. After he finished reading, we knelt in prayer. And such a prayer! I never will forget it, and its memory is one of my most valued possessions still. What a man

of prayer Moody was! No stilted phrase, no maudlin familiarity, addressing the Almighty as "you," but the outpouring of a burdened heart in reverent confidence in God's promises. When we rose from our knees—and we were on them for it seemed at least half an hour—we were both bathed in tears. I am sure that I received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost in that exalted hour. I was in the "secret place of the Almighty" with one of his prophets, and there streamed into my soul new strength, and courage, and hope.

I must finish the story of the little book. Of course, I valued very highly a book received under such tender circumstances and consecrated by such sacred friendship. Fortunately I wrote on the flyleaf a brief statement of the way it came to me. In my travels around the country I have lost many of my books, and among them this little poem, "Ezekiel." It was lost for nearly twenty years. A short time ago I was invited to preach at the North Georgia Conference. There was a broadcasting radio instrument on the pulpit, and a man living in Oklahoma heard my sermon, located me, and as he had my little book, he at once sent it home, and it is among the jewels in my Den in Mansfield. Hurrah for the radio!

After his sermon Mr. Moody went to the Inquiry Room, and was in charge there. When the after-service in the tabernacle closed, I went to the Inquiry Room. One night, as I entered the room, I met Mr. Moody at the door and he said: "Come with me. I want you to talk to three men." I said to them: "Gentlemen, your presence here indicates that you want help. What can I do for you?" One of them said: "We are troubled about the doctrine of Predestination, and would be glad if you would explain it to us." Think of asking a Methodist to explain the doctrine of Predestination! I

replied: "Well, I doubt my ability to help you on that point; but we are fortunate in having a specialist in that sort of theology handy, and I will get him to help you." I beckoned to Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, a Presbyterian pastor, and said to him: "Doctor, see if you can help these men." He asked them the same question that I did, and they gave him the same reply. Witherspoon looked at me as much as to say: "O you rascal!" I lingered to hear what he would say, and this is what he said: "Gentlemen, I do not know that I can explain that to you, and frankly I doubt if you can understand it if I could. But I will tell you a little story that may help you to get rid of the difficulty of believing the doctrine. Once there was a very bright lawyer who prided himself on being an unbeliever in religion. He had a very devout old colored man for his office servant, and he delighted to puzzle the old man with hard questions about the Bible. One day he said to him: 'Uncle Mose, you profess to be a Christian; do you believe what the Bible says, "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate"?' The old man asked: 'Whar is that passage, boss?' Picking up the Bible, which he kept on the table in his office, he said: 'Here it is in the eighth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. You can't get around it.' The old man was silent for a moment, then he said: 'Boss, you begin to read at the first chapter of Matthew, and read through to the last chapter of Revelation, and skip that passage; and when you have done that a half a dozen times, that passage won't be there'!" And he left them. The more one thinks of the story, the more he will see the truth and wisdom of it. Any man who will read the Bible that way, skipping the difficult passages, will find that they unconsciously become adjusted and, seen in their right perspective, no longer afford perplexity.

Dr. Fitzgerald was then editor of the *Christian Advocate* in Nashville, Tenn., and had me to write notes of the Moody Meeting for his paper, which I did. I believe you will enjoy reading them now, though they are thirty-seven years old. Some good things keep, and even, like wine, get better with age. So I reproduce "Letters from Louisville."

The Great Evangelist, Mr. Moody, in Repose

I first saw Mr. Moody in his great meeting in Philadelphia in 1875. I went there specially to study him and his work, and have been glad ever since that I did so. I advise all young preachers to study not only books, but especially men who have succeeded in their work. More can be learned in a week with Mr. Moody about practical evangelism than can be wrought out in a lifetime of ordinary experience. He is a master workman. It is easy to criticize him, but it is unprofitable to do so. God has manifestly set his seal upon him, and eternity alone will reveal the full fruit of his labor.

As soon as he reached Louisville I reported for duty, and was at once assigned to the position of a sort of second in command, having charge of all the after meetings in the great tabernacle. I had been in the same position once before, so I knew what my duties would be. As soon as Mr. Moody closes his sermon he turns the service over to me, while he goes to the Inquiry Room. The singing, exhortation, and prayer continue for a while in the great assembly.

This assignment of men to different departments of work is one of the main elements of Mr. Moody's success. His genius for organization and government is equal to that of John Wesley, whom he resembles in many re-

spects, and who seems to be his model. He has system everywhere without the appearance of machinery anywhere. There is a chief of ushers, a chief of platform, a chief singer who conducts the song; a minister is appointed to take charge in the tabernacle; another to take charge of the Inquiry Room; another, perhaps several, to look after the overflow meetings. Mr. Moody expects each one to be in his place and do his special work, and has a remarkable faculty for securing the service of his subordinates. All of this thorough planning is made more important of course by the immense size of his audiences; but it would yield large results if put in operation on a smaller scale.

I have often wished that those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing a great man would tell us something about him personally. Now, may I write for that class of your readers who never saw Mr. Moody, and who perhaps will never know anything of him except what they read in the papers? Do you say, "Yes"? Well, thank you; now I'll write for the boys and girls, and the old men and women who don't get far from home. I'll try and remember what I wanted so much to know when I was a plowboy and read of the great men whose names got into the papers.

I am going round, as the soldiers would say, to get "the orders of the day"; so come along, and I'll introduce you to him. He is at the hotel, of course. It would be a great mistake to put such a busy man at a private house. He must have all his time at his command without the restrictions of private hospitality. We go up on the elevator and knock on his door. A cheery "Come in!" invites us to enter. It is Saturday, his "rest day," and we find him at ease. Other callers are ahead of us. Mr. Moody meets us with a cordial shake of the hand. What a big fellow he is! He weighs

over two hundred pounds. After seeing him a bright little five-year-old girl said: "What a fine Santa Claus he would make!" And so he would. An Episcopal rector who happens to be there inquires if he is ever troubled with sore throat. "No." "How do you manage to escape?" Mr. Moody's eyes twinkle as he replies: "I haven't got any throat to get sore. It is these long-necked fellows that have sore throats. God chucked my head right down on my shoulders." So he did.

There is a fine, handsome face over there by the window. He has a pensive, dreamy look. That is Mr. Sankey, the great singer. He is peculiarly gentle and courteous in manner. Over there on the trunk—for there are not enough chairs to seat the callers—is a plain man; might take him for a farmer; that is the Louisville millionaire, John B. McFerran, a Baptist layman, a Christian nobleman, foremost in the files of aggressive workers for God. A genial, sunny gentleman sits over there in the big rocker. That is Mr. Harvey, of Chicago. He is one of the largest lumber dealers in the world; a Methodist layman, and chairman of Mr. Moody's Chicago committee, for you must know that Mr. Moody is running many different lines of Christian work.

We have not been seated long before one of the visitors rises to leave. Mr. Moody walks to the door and bids him good morning very politely. As the door closes Sankey and Harvey laugh, and say, "Why, how polite you have become since coming South! You don't do that way in Chicago." "No," says Mr. Moody with a burst of jolly laughter, "and I wouldn't do it here except on Saturday. If I had a lecture ahead, I'd shoot 'em out with less ceremony." There is a big express package on the floor, presumably of books, papers, tracts, etc. It might weigh a hundred pounds. On the table

are piles and piles of letters. Many of these are requests for prayer, for advice, for help, for answers to all sorts of questions; as, "Why didn't God drive the devil instead of Adam and Eve out of Eden?" He passes a big bundle of them over to me to examine and dispose of. There are two Bagster Bibles, limp morocco binding. One is large size, with wide margin, written all about with references, comments, etc.; the other is the ordinary Teacher's Bible, which he carries with him to the pulpit. It has a number of elastic cords arranged to hold his notes, and is worn smooth with use. There is a volume of "Foster's Illustrations." There lies Rainsford's last volume of "Lectures on the Eighth of Romans." There is a neatly arranged sermon-file—a large envelope is marked "Thief." We will hear that sermon. There are newspapers, scissors, mucilage bottle, etc., the paraphernalia of a workman.

Is he social? Yes, indeed. We must not publish the conversation, for it was a "council of war," and Mr. Moody repeated several times, "Now, don't let that go beyond this room." But he asks for a free expression of opinion; frankly states his own; takes a different opinion patiently and kindly. He enjoys an anecdote as heartily as any one, and can laugh as lustily as he preaches. He does not use tobacco in any form; rises early in the morning; eats freely, but eats only a few dishes; refuses to ride on the street car on Sunday—"foots it," as he says; wears big, thick-soled shoes, with no overshoes; and steps with the confident stride of a giant. As we rise to go he calls me aside; quietly asks if the details of the work for to-day are understood and arranged; gives advice as to certain things; and after he is satisfied that all is right, bids us a cheerful good-by. Now if I had been alone he would have talked about his family, for he is intensely fond of his home. He

told me one day such a pretty incident that I shall venture to tell it to you, though it was spoken in the freedom of a private conversation. "Here are the home folks," he said, showing me an album containing large photographs of his wife, daughter, and two sons. The story was about his youngest boy, nine or ten years old. "I thought I would get him some goats to drive to his sled. I found two pretty good goats for what I thought was a cheap price, and bought them. When I took them home, what do you reckon that boy did? He hitched them to his sled, and went around to where the two poor little boys lived, and made them happy by giving them the first ride behind his team. That paid me back." He told this story with a genuinely fatherly joy. Do you blame him? I think Mr. Moody knows what too many men do not know—how to govern his own house and train his children for God. He carries them on his heart. Then we chatted about his son at Yale, and when we parted he followed me to the door and said, "Now don't forget to pray for Will." But this letter must close. To give a picture of Moody in repose I have trenched somewhat on the privacy that should protect all such social intercourse; but I trust I have violated no propriety. Next time we will go and hear him preach.

Mr. Moody in the Pulpit

It is only six o'clock; but if we want to get good seats, it is time to be going to the tabernacle. We will take the middle of the street, for the sidewalks are sheeted with ice and very dangerous; but the weather makes no difference. We are not a bit too early; just see how the crowds are pressing toward the great tabernacle!

They come from all directions—on foot, in carriages, in sleighs, on street cars. Nor do they mope; they rush along as though each wanted to get ahead of the others. Fashionable ladies, old men, children—all are hurrying toward the tabernacle. The hod-carrier jostles the capitalist; the libertine elbows his way among the saints; learned professors and romping boys and reverend divines—all are pushing ahead. Isn't it wonderful! Think, too, that it has been going on for a month, day and night.

Well, as we have tickets of admission at a special entrance, let us think a moment what it all means. We are going to hear a man preach who has, perhaps, spoken to more human begins than any other living man. Mr. Spurgeon has been at it longer, but Mr. Moody has spoken oftener, and generally to larger audiences. Mr. Jones has spoken to larger single congregations it may be, but Moody has been at it much longer. He kept the ear of London attentive for eight months in succession, missing only one service. He has held New York and Philadelphia and every other large city in America in his grip. He is a great religious force in Chicago, where men are rated with a rough accuracy at their real value. He is the most celebrated living evangelist. All of this justifies large expectations; it is a privilege to hear such a famous man. There! didn't I tell you so? That lady came near knocking us down in her rush to get in. We will go to a rear door; the usher, if he does not recognize us, will ask for tickets. Don't blame him. He is put there for that purpose. It is a trying place, and whether politeness or "cheek" is most needed might be a question; but as kindness usually evokes kindness, let us be polite and show our pass. At the next door, which admits us to the platform, we are met by a polished gentleman, small of stature, of nimble move-

ment, and the very soul of courtesy. That is Mr. Rolf, chief of the platform, who will show us to our seats. That man is a marvel. I have seen a magician take an empty bag and get a handful of eggs out of it; but Mr. Rolf can beat that: he can always find space for another chair. Over and over I have said to myself, "Well, that is the last"; but lo, a lady enters, or a gentleman hard of hearing or crowded out elsewhere, and that wizard of the platform will get in another chair for him. Doesn't he get vexed? Well, you might and I would, but if Rolf did he never let it appear—was always ready with a smile. Mr. Moody is a great hand at seating people himself, and in the earlier part of the meeting showed his hand somewhat. Sighting a vacant chair, he says: "Will the friends move toward the center and let the vacant chair be next to the aisle?" The friends do not heed. He says again, "We'll sing till we get that chair"; whereupon the friends close up. In the next pause he says: "I see a lady sitting in two chairs. Will she be kind enough to occupy one and give us the other? Let the ushers bring another forward." Of course the audience laughs. The request is vain: the good woman blushes to the back of her head, but it is asking too much to put that prodigious body in one chair, and the portly sister holds the fort. But after a little the keen eye of Moody sees that his lieutenant, Rolf, knows his business, and he says no more about seats. "It is pleasant," remarks that little, stoop-shouldered, gray-haired gentleman sitting next to us, "to be crowded at a religious meeting." Did you whisper, "Who is he?" That is the great Baptist scholar and preacher, Dr. John A. Broadus, and that quiet remark indicates the sunny heart that beats in his breast. Look at the boys! Did you ever see the like? A boy can squeeze in where a man can't, and they have done it here. They crowd the

steps leading up to the platform; they sit on the railings; they are so thick about the pulpit that we wonder where the preacher will stand. But moody likes it, invites them there, gives them books to sing, and smiles on them. You can't keep them back; the girls are as eager as the boys to hear Moody.

But take a look at the building. It seats five thousand people. It is as bright as day with electric lights. What a sea of faces confronts us—upturned, attentive, expectant, and representing all classes of men and women! Yonder comes Moody. How sturdy is his step! What a huge front he rears! He works his way to the pulpit, and bows his head a moment in silent prayer. "Let us sing No. ——," he says. Mr. Sankey is at the organ. Professor Ragsdale steps to the front to guide the singing. The great choir of four hundred voices rise—and they sing! "Sing that chorus again," says Moody. Still it doesn't satisfy him. "Sing that over four times." They sing it. "Now let the ladies sing it." "Now let the men try to beat the ladies." "Now let the choir try it." "Now let us all sing!" And he slaps the pulpit board vehemently with his songbook, while thousands of open mouths and bulging lungs pour out a mighty volume of song. Do you wonder that we learned that song Moody himself can't sing a note; but he loves music, and can get more people to sing than any other man. Now the choir sing a line, then the congregation a line; now all together; now the choir sing the verse and the people the chorus; now they sing softly, now loud,

> "As the fullness of the sea
> When it breaks upon the shore."

After the singing of a number of hymns Moody says: "Now will the ushers let the friends stand about the

door, and let everything be quiet while Mr. Sankey sings." There is a solemn hush at once on that vast throng. Mr. Sankey rises at the organ, says the little hymn, "My Mother's Prayer," is a tender sermon in song, and asks us to join in prayer that God will bless it and send its truth to every heart. While all are bowed in prayer, he sings with rich, tender tones the words that waft us back to childhood's hour, and bring before us the most touching recollections of life. Tears fall from hundreds of eyes. Strong men, unused to weep, and on whose hard hearts our logic falls powerless, are brushing something from the eye. The song over, Moody says: "Mr. Sankey will now go to the overflow meeting; let us sing." After singing he again calls for quiet and prayer. Then he reads the Scriptures; then we sing again; then Moody begins his sermon. Up to this point we have been borne aloft by a high tide of religious excitement. If we want to criticize, we are largely unfitted for it. Who feels like criticizing after such billows of sacred song have wafted us almost within hearing of the angel choirs, and such deep feelings have been stirred by the little "solos," and the earnest prayers have impregnated the very air with a reverential spirit, and we are feeling so good! So we turn to listen to the sermon. We see at once that the preacher is not a scholar, or an orator according to the books, that he violates all rules, and is open to a hundred criticisms on his style. But we do not desire to criticize. We forget to criticize and are interested in his plain, matter-of-fact way of taking hold of his subject, and his intense earnestness. He states his point clearly, and there is nothing new either in the point or in the manner of statement; but listen. He says, "Take an illustration," and tells a story; perhaps it is from the Bible, but you never saw it in that light before. Then he says, "Take

another illustration," and another, and another, and another, till he has transfixed you with his point. He tells a story that we thought nothing of in such a way that, simple as it is, it has become a parable luminous with the highest spiritual truth. Isn't that the way Jesus preached?

But you have already observed one thing—*Moody knows his Bible.* He is deeply learned in the Scriptures. They are the Alpha and Omega to him of truth. He wields the word as the sword of the Spirit, and God vindicates his truth. This is why Moody's preaching cuts to the core. He draws from the arsenal of heaven, and his "arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies." You have been impressed with another thing: Moody is outspoken! Without slang, or vulgarity, or coarseness, he deals fearlessly with sin. Hear him: "I have received a letter from a gentleman telling me that he thinks it is his Christian duty to tell me that I have not put the way of life before the people right, because I have not preached baptism. He says I ought to give them an answer straight. That letter is written on paper with 'a wholesale whisky house' for a letter-head. Well, if that gentleman is here to-night, I want to give him a message straight: 'If you don't get out of that infernal whisky business, you'll be lost forever, baptism or no baptism.' I hope that is straight enough." He deals tremendous blows against popular evils, and runs his plowshare deep down into the formalism of the age.

You say, "I thought he was a Calvinist!" Well, as he would say perhaps, Naaman thought so and so too. Did you hear any Calvinism? If you did, your ears are better tuned to that music than mine. He preaches a full salvation free for all, and plainly tells us that he has enjoyed this meeting so much that he has almost

become a "shouting Methodist," whom he seems to consider the highest type of Christian. The sermon over, he closes with a prayer of marvelous unction. O how Moody prays! What intense pleading for souls! The long, solemn pause between each petition, "Speak, Lord," the deep hush of the bowed thousands, the throb of passionate desire that seems to be almost breaking his heart—ah! how tame are many of our prayers beside such praying as this! The prayer is not loud, for God seems near, not far away; nor long—a splendid merit—but deep and solemn and intense, a heart at white heat in action. After prayer he urges all who are willing to talk about religion to meet him in the Inquiry Room; and, turning the audience in the tabernacle over to me, he goes there to carry on the work. Next time we will see him in the Inquiry Room.

Moody in the Inquiry Room

Well, we are going now to see how Mr. Moody manages the inquiry meeting. What did you think of his preaching? Disappointed? No, not exactly, but it was so different from what we are in the habit of calling "great preaching." Yes, that is very true. That young lady just ahead of us thinks that way, for did you overhear her comment? She said: "I confess I don't understand how he draws such crowds, for there is nothing in his preaching but the Bible." Well, maybe that is just the reason he draws such crowds. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"; and certainly Moody lifts up Christ as the Saviour of men. If God's thoughts are great, then there were great thoughts in Moody's sermon. It is true, it was not intellectual in the usual sense of that term;

but there is a dead intellectuality—mere thought without any vital principle, as beautiful as a crystal and as lifeless. You may set it down as certain that Bible truth ought to be the staple of every sermon, and that it fastens itself upon the conscience as nothing else does. Perhaps, too, you observed the marked effect of his using the Bible itself; and instead of quoting its passages from memory, turning to the place in the book, so that everybody might know exactly where the truth quoted can be found. Well, we have no time to discuss the sermon, but my opinion is this, that while Mr. Moody's success is due to a combination of strong points, so far as his preaching is concerned its power is in its element of spirituality. His blade has not the edge that Sam Jones's has. A hundred preachers can be found in any State who are superior to Moody in the matter of so-called intellectual equipment. But this man talks like Moses after he had been on the mount with God; criticism is silenced by the spiritual splendor that irradiates his work.

The inquiry meeting is held in the church near by. It is well adapted to the purpose. It seats, exclusive of galleries, which are closed, twelve hundred people, and has numerous classrooms for private conference with seekers. It is full, but all are not "inquirers." Many have gone in out of mere curiosity, some to be with friends, some to work; but the big majority have gone to get spiritual instruction and help. It is a religious clinic. If you are a Methodist, you will not feel at home at first; you will miss our "mourners' bench" and "altar," and there is no singing; everything is quiet and very solemn; but if you will suspend your judgment for a while, you will be favorably impressed with this method of dealing with seekers after God; and if you don't like it, you had better go home and stay there.

You are too wise to get into such company as we keep here; or you are an old dry fossil, and belong in a museum. I invited you to come with me to learn, and I think you ought to be sensible enough to study all methods; then you may adopt those that seem best to you. I am frank to say that this "inquiry-meeting" method suits me in many respects far better than the so-called "good old Methodist altar" way. There is more opportunity for intelligent instruction, more direct personal contact with the individual conscience, more solemnity. However, let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind, and work by the method that suits him best. God has honored them all. But see, Mr. Moody beckons to us. He says: "Here is a friend who needs light, and I want you to talk with her." We go to a seat a little retired, and are hardly seated before Mr. Moody comes along with two or three other ladies, and says: "We are short of workers. I'll have to ask you to instruct these young ladies, too." So he puts every worker he can get to this sort of personal service. They all have their Bibles—mark that—and use them. Mr. Moody won't have a worker who does not use the Bible. Look around, and you will see numbers of Christian men and women scattered around the room with their Bibles in hand, showing the way of life to the seekers after God. But there is a sad truth in what Mr. Moody said to us: "We are short of workers."

(When we invited Mr. Moody to come to Louisville, we asked him what he wanted us to do in preparation for the meeting. He replied that among other things he would like to have done was to get together a band of personal workers for the Inquiry Room. He stated in his letter, very positively, that each one must promise three things: first, to be on hand at every service, unless providentially prevented; second, to pray in secret for

God's blessing on the work they did that day; and third, that they would bring their Bibles to the service, and instruct the penitent out of the word itself. Duplicate copies of this letter were sent to each one of the co-operating pastors, with the request that we would call for volunteers for this Inquiry Room service. I read the letter to my church, Walnut Street, Sunday morning to a large congregation, and called for volunteers for that work in the Moody meeting. Walnut Street Methodist Church was one of the chief churches in the city, and was counted on as one of the most active in all evangelistic work. Yet when I called for volunteers for this personal service, only six responded. I called them to the front of the pulpit, and asked each of them if they would promise to comply with Mr. Moody's required conditions as expressed in his letter. They all agreed except one man. He said he could not promise to use the Bible as Moody indicated. I told him to stand aside; I had no discretion in the matter, and could accept only those who would promise to work according to Moody's directions. So out of my church I was able to secure only five workers. The number was so small that I felt ashamed to report the result in the Pastors' Association. Fortunately they called the roll alphabetically, and as my name came away down the line, and I saw that I had more than any of the rest, I felt somewhat relieved. There were twenty-five or thirty coöperating churches in the meeting; yet from them all we got only about forty volunteers for the Inquiry Room service; and the pastors nearly all reported that the difficulty was in Mr. Moody's requirement that they use the Bible. When Moody arrived and we made our report to him, he sat silent for a moment, then exclaimed: "And that in Louisville, a city of churches and with a theological seminary besides!")

But let us return to our inquirers. We ask each one what her difficulty is. The first one tells us she "does not understand the doctrine of predestination" (*sic*); the second desires to be a Christian, "but does not know how"; the third hardly knows why she came, but she was invited by a friend, and "didn't like to refuse." How different the cases! We frankly tell the first one that we don't understand the doctrine of predestination ourselves as it is understood by our Presbyterian friends, and advise her to let the hard parts alone till she got right with God, then it would be easier. Then we use the word to show her how she must be saved by faith in Christ. So we try to lead each one with the word in season, rightly divided, to accept the Saviour. Perhaps we kneel in prayer. Mr. Moody insists that we "camp by them," stay with them, pleading, praying, and teaching until we bring them to a decision. The best workers took an inquirer aside, and stayed there like Jacob, wrestling until the blessing came. You and I have seen the same thing done hundreds of time in our Methodist revivals; but instead of the carpeted pew we had the green grass; instead of the graceful columns and vaulting arches, we had the "century-hallowed" trees springing their leafy galleries above us; instead of the frescoed ceiling, we had the star-fretted dome of the sky. The surroundings were different, but the Christian workers did in the Inqniry Room just what we have seen done in the groves which are "God's first temples." My experience has been that the hardest cases were taken aside from the crowd where their difficulties could be quietly learned and removed. Mr. Moody simply puts in practice these familiar methods of personal work. He is embarrassed by the union character of the meeting in a measure, for he must avoid seeming to give preference to the peculiar methods of any denomination.

Mr. Moody can speak to more people in a meeting like this than any man I ever saw. See, he is speaking to a lady: "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so," she replies. "Are you married?" "Yes, sir." "I hope you are sure of that," and he is gone to another; but that dazed woman has got a pointer on "assurance" she will never forget. You ask me if the work is thorough. Well, it is as thorough as it well can be. Mr. Moody is sound to the core on regeneration. I don't know how he would define it theologically; I doubt if he would attempt to do such a thing. But he presses the necessity of a change of heart; he magnifies the work of the Holy Spirit; he urges that every one must be born again.

You notice that every few minutes the workers go to a table just in front of the pulpit and drop a card in a box. That card contains the name of the person they had conversed with, the address, and the Church they prefer. These cards are distributed to the different pastors, who are urged to visit these people and follow up the work done here. This is a very prominent feature of the Moody system. Some of these cards will get us into queer places; but I cannot take you on a pastoral tour this time. The meeting does not formally break up; it melts away. Some workers stay until late, trying to bring those who are willing to remain to accept Christ before they leave. It has been a great meeting. All the Churches have received accessions—some a hundred, some fifty, some thirty. I have tried to give my friends who could not attend it some idea of Mr. Moody's manner of conducting a meeting. I have written for the folks who live at "Wayback," a delightful community of plain people, but who have no chance to hear Moody. I hope they have enjoyed the story.

There end the letters written thirty-seven years ago.

When the meeting neared the time for Mr. Moody to leave, the question arose whether to carry it on or close it. I favored closing it; others thought it ought to go on. Then the question was, If it goes on, who can we get to take Moody's place? Some one suggested Sam Jones. One of the pastors was on his feet in a moment, and objected to Sam Jones, calling him a "blackguard." Instantly Moody struck the table with his big fist, and said: "That won't do! Sam Jones is God's sledge hammer to crush rock that you and I can't even crack." It squelched the brother effectively. My view prevailed, and the meeting closed.

W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM, D.D.

Be sure and put the "y" in his name. I once saw his eyes flash when he received a letter addressed to "Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham." I suppose somebody who spelled his name with "i" had done something to be ashamed of, and he was afraid he might be thought to be of the same tribe. It is well to be sensitive to the reputation of one's name. It may look like a trifle, but, as I once heard Dr. Deems say in a lecture, it is no trifle when a speaker discovers as he rises to address an audience that his suspender button is off. His full name was "William George Ester Cunnyngham," and his daughter, Mrs. D. M. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., says that when he was born both of his grandfathers were present, and of course, they had to name him for both of them; that the length of his name sometimes annoyed him, and he said he was glad no more of his relatives were present when he was born or his name might have been longer still!

I think it was early in December, 1871, when I had been but a short time in Emory and Henry College, that Dr. E. E. Wiley, the President, sent for me to come to his office. He told me that the health of the pastor of the Methodist Church in Abingdon had broken down, and they were looking for a preacher to supply the place. The Presiding Elder, Rev. E. W. Moore, had asked him to suggest some one, and said that some of the members who had heard me preach had asked for me to be appointed there. Dr. Wiley advised me to accept it; said it would be a very heavy task to fill the pulpit and at

the same time keep up my college work; but the faculty would let me off to go to Abingdon Friday afternoon and that Dr. Cunnyngham, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Martha Washington College in Abingdon, would assist me in looking after the pastoral side of the work; the salary, while not large, would be a help to me in financing my college work. I accepted the appointment, and thus became Dr. Cunnyngham's pastor.

This was a very fortunate circumstance for me, for it threw me into personal relations to a man who was both able and anxious to help a struggling young preacher. Dr. Cunnyngham had a fine theological library, to which he gave me free access; and while I had very limited opportunity to use it, yet with his judicious and sympathetic advice as to what books to read, I acquired knowledge that has been of service to me all my life. Dr. Cunnyngham had been to China as a missionary. And remember that going to China as a missionary sixty years ago was a very different proposition from going to China now. Then it required, not only courage, but self-denial of the most trying sort. He had married Bettie Litchfield, of Abingdon, and if the young man was courageous in facing the duty of a foreign missionary then, his bride, a mere girl, was braver still. The Litchfields were one of the old and prominent families of Abingdon, rich for that time, cultured, and with boundless hospitality. Victor Litchfield, Dr. Cunnyngham's brother-in-law, was an official member of the Methodist Church in Abingdon, and his house was "the preacher's home," had the "prophet's chamber," which was always ready for the prophet's use; while the latchstring of his home hung outside for all guests. And my, what feeders the Litchfields were! Their tables literally groaned with good things to eat,

and I often wondered if high living gave people the gout why the whole tribe was not afflicted with the malady.

The war with the North interrupted our mission work in the East, and the effect of the climate of Shanghai on the health of the missionaries made it necessary for Dr. Cunnyngham to return to this country; but he was, like every other returned missionary I ever saw, very anxious to go back to the foreign field. He talked about China continually, and had a very high opinion of the Chinese. He lived in "East End," a dormitory on the east side of the college grounds, and it was a saying around Abingdon that Dr. Cunnyngham could not go from his room to his classroom without going through China. If Henry Ward Beecher gave me a clue to the interpretation of history, and Dwight L. Moody swept aside by his fraternal spirit the barriers of my "sectional prejudice," Dr. Cunnyngham first gave me the "world-vision" of the mission of the gospel. I smile as I read the upstart dogmatism of some of the advocates of union with the Northern Methodist Church that we may escape the doom of being a "provincial Church"! Southern Methodism has never been a provincial Church. From the first it has had the "world-vision" which these parvenu reformers, with grotesque self-conceit, imagine they are giving this generation. But for the war, and the disastrous poverty it entailed, it is more than probable that by this time we would have outstripped the Northern branch of the Church in foreign activities. My, how Dr. Cunnyngham would have flamed with indignation at this reflection on his Church; for he was Southern to the bone and Southern Methodist to the marrow! He inoculated me with the germ of missionary enthusiasm, as well as other boys at Emory and Henry, and one of them, Rev. J. J. Ran-

som, went to Brazil and pioneered the way into the heart of South America. He had the "world-vision" before some of these glib modern prattlers were born.

Dr. Cunnyngham taught the "Men's Bible Class" in the Sunday school. That was before we had the present "lesson helps" to the study of the Bible—I had almost written lesson hindrances; for in too many instances the lesson helps have become a substitute for the study of the Bible itself. I may be mistaken, and at my time of life it is easy for one to exaggerate the virtues of a long-past age, but I think that more stress was then laid on the study of the Bible itself than in these days. It is certain that among the intelligent laymen who formed Dr. Cunnyngham's Bible class there were some who had studied the word deeply. Of course, I was a member of that class. I could not afford to miss such instruction.

One Sunday one of the class asked the teacher this question: "What was the cause of death coming into the world?"

"Sin," answered Dr. Cunnyngham, quoting Paul in Romans v. 12: "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"Then," said the questioner, "if man had not sinned, there would have been no death?"

"Certainly," replied Dr. Cunnyngham.

"What would have become of the folks, then?" said the man, evidently thinking that he had the Doctor cornered; "for by this time there would not have been standing room for them on this planet."

Dr. Cunnyngham said the discussion of that subject would require them to switch off from the lesson of that day, and that he would give an answer the following Sunday. That got out; and when people heard that the next Sunday Dr. Cunnyngham would explain what

would have become of the folks if they had not died, the Sunday school was as full as if there was a picnic on foot. The whole school was anxious to hear what would be said, and the Superintendent, Dr. R. W. Jones, President of Martha Washington College, invited Dr. Cunnyngham to speak to the whole school, which he did. I have a distinct recollection of the message that morning, for it illuminated an immense region that had been obscure to me, and started streams of thought that are flowing still.

The Doctor started off by saying that the question was a speculative one, and what he had to say was purely theoretical; so we were not under any obligation to accept it as an article of belief, and he would see that none of us were sent to the Inquisition if we did not believe a word of what he said. But he said that such questions were natural to a thinking mind, and speculation upon them was right when made in a reverent spirit and with a proper regard for the necessary limitations of human thought. The subject was a very deep one, and he would have to take us out into regions of thought where few people were accustomed to go; but since he had been asked to discuss the subject, he was not responsible for any failure to follow him. This was a sly notice that we were not to come to him after it was over with the ridiculous excuse of intellectual laziness, that it was "too deep for me."

Death, he said, was not an arbitrary punishment of sin, but was a part of the eternal order of things. Sin is the transgression of law, and life depends on obedience to law. Keep the law perfectly, and life was the natural result; violate the law, and death ensued as consequence. Had men kept the law, had Adam obeyed God, he would have been immortal. His whole nature, body, soul, and spirit would have lived on forever. Suppose he had kept

the law, and lived on, then the problem was what would people have done to live in this world? Long ago the race would have multiplied beyond the ability of the earth to afford physical support. As the man who raised the question said, there would not have been standing room on the globe for the people who would have been born.

He then went into a digression on the effect of mind, or spirit, on matter. It was a profound metaphysical discourse. Every one knew, and had observed, perhaps, its most common effects. Sin produced disease that deformed the body, blotched the face and bloated the form of the drunkard, coarsened the features of the harlot, and gave an outward physical aspect of degradation and shame in the degree in which it was indulged. He gave instances that illustrated his point. So holiness of heart had a transforming effect on the body. Constant thinking about God, constant desire to be like him, constant association with good people, constant living in harmony with nature and cherishing virtue, had the effect of transforming the nature, refining the features, and making matter itself shine with the beauty of holiness. He quoted Paul in 2 Corinthians, iii. 18: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." This is true of our fallen human nature, with all the disabilities of inherited sin. Grace can, and is intended to, restore the image of God. If in the beginning Adam had not sinned, the Holy Spirit would have dwelt in man in the plenitude of his influence, and man's physical nature would have been gradually assimilated to the spirit, and he would have been translated, like Enoch, that he should not see death.

Then he made the bold assertion that this world is

one of God's seminal worlds, and that it is his plan to colonize other worlds from this one. Here he went off in an excursion through the universe that was bewildering in its picture of the vastness of the material system of things and dazzling in its splendor. He used as an illustration, a sweet potato plant-bed. It was a small plot, maybe in an obscure corner of the field, yet it supplied plants for a vast area, and wide fields of potatoes were set from what it furnished. Astronomy shows that there are countless worlds in the universe, and this planet is very insignificant as compared with some of them in size and splendor. They are in all stages of preparation for inhabitants, from the nebulæ floating like clouds in the depths of space, primitive material for building future worlds, to such an advanced planet as Mars, that seems to be inhabited, or might be, by creatures resembling man in his physical requirements. It is possible that this is the destiny of the saved from earth now. We think of them as having gone to heaven; but what if heaven shall prove to be the universe itself? That seemed to be Jesus's thought: "In my Father's house are many mansions."

He held the rapt attention of the class till Major Jones looked at his watch, an indication that the time for preaching had about arrived, and Dr. Cunnyngham brought his eloquent discourse to a close. I remarked that I did not feel like following such a message with my preachings; we had all received already more than we could carry away. Some one laughingly said: "Go on and preach; it won't take much strength to carry what you will give us." That was the "audacious" Vick Litchfield, Dr. C.'s brother-in-law. If it had been anybody else, I might have winced.

That year, 1872, the Holston Conference met in Chattanooga, and I attended it. Through Dr. Cunnyngham's

kindness, I was assigned to the same place where he was entertained, as a fellow guest in a delightful home. We had a sort of young preachers' club at Emory in which we discussed everything from the use of tobacco to the nature of the Trinity. The editor of the *Christian Advocate* at Nashville then was Dr. Thomas O. Summers. He conducted in his columns a department of "Questions and Answers." There was some question we had up, and about which we debated vigorously and differed stoutly. As I was going to Conference, and Dr. Summers would probably be there, the boys suggested that I ask Dr. Summers to give us some light on the question. Dr. Cunnyngham knew Dr. Summers well—in fact they were very close friends—and he agreed to get me the opportunity to speak to Dr. Summers. He suggested that instead of going to preaching one evening we call and see Dr. Summers. When we reached his room, Dr. Cunnyngham knocked on the door. "Come in," said a gruff voice from the inside. We entered and found him in a big dressing robe, with a green shade over his eyes. He greeted Dr. Cunnyngham in a very rude manner, I thought, and took no notice of me when the Doctor introduced me; only said, "Be seated." Then he began a lightning talk about mosquitoes. Cunnyngham did not have a chance to get in a word edgewise, but he laughed heartily as Summers rattled on about mosquitoes in Charleston, Galveston, New Orleans, and Nashville. I had always thought of Dr. Summers, whom I had never met until then, as one of our great men, and I listened in amazement at this discourse on mosquitoes.

At last there came a little pause in his rushing talk, and I thought I saw a chance to get in my question. So I said, "Dr. Summers——"

Turning toward me suddenly, he said in a furious voice: "Shut up. Every fool will be meddling!"

You could have knocked me down with a straw. I was shell-shocked. Dr. Cunnyngham roared with laughter as if there was something funny in it; but I failed to see the fun, and from stunning surprise, I settled into a mood of silent indignation. Summers resumed his endless discourse on mosquitoes, and Cunnyngham kept up his laughing. I wanted to leave. If that was the great scholar, commentator, and editor, I was through with him and had enough of him to last me a lifetime.

When we were about to leave, Summers turned to me and said: "Now what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Why did you load a cannon to kill a mosquito!"

I made no reply. After we left I gave Dr. Cunnyngham a piece of my mind for taking me to such an ill-mannered man, and especially for not putting me on my guard against his rudeness. He assured me that it was only Dr. Summers's peculiarity. He was an Englishman and meant no disrespect by his blunt behavior. When I got back to Abingdon and told Mrs. Cunnyngham about it, she laughed too, and said that if he called me a fool it was a sign that he liked me! But I couldn't see it that way, and determined to give Dr. Summers a wide berth from that on. And I told Dr. Cunnyngham that Summers was the last big man I would let him take me to see, which made him laugh again. Two or three years passed and I was in Nashville standing with a group of men in the Publishing House. Dr. Summers came up and greeted the various dignitaries in his abrupt and blunt manner. Seeing me, he said: "And who is this?"

Some one introduced me, and Dr. Summers extended his hand. I declined to take it. He seemed surprised,

and said: "Won't you shake hands with me, young man?"

I replied: "No, sir; I will not. When I met you in Chattanooga you called me a fool and told me to shut up. I cannot recognize you unless I can be assured that you will treat me as a gentleman."

The company around laughed heartily, and Summers seemed stumped. Seeing Dr. Cunnyngham, he said to me: "Will you accept Cunnyngham as security for my good behavior?"

"No, sir, I won't. He's the man that got me into the trouble with you in Chattanooga."

Just then Dr. McFerrin came up, and Summers said: "Come here, Mac; here's a young man who won't accept my acquaintance unless I will give acceptable bond to behave myself. Will you stand security for me?"

"I will," McFerrin snorted.

"Now, young man, what do you say to that? Will you accept him?"

"I will," I replied, and we shook hands cordially.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance and friendship with Dr. Thomas O. Summers. I found that Dr. Cunnyngham was right. Under a rough exterior he carried a heart of tenderest sensibility and love. It was only strangers like myself that misunderstood him. He was Secretary of the General Conference in Nashville in 1882, and died very suddenly during the session. I took breakfast with him in his home on Vanderbilt campus the morning of the day he died. His son, Dr. Thomas O. Summers, Jr., had done some heroic service in the yellow fever epidemic of a few years before, and was on the right track to discover the cause of the disease in the mosquito, though he did not quite make it. All Dr. Summers would talk about at breakfast was his son's

scientific investigations into the cause of yellow fever. After detailing a whole lot of it to me, he said: "Now what do you think of that?"

"Good as far as it goes," I said, "but inconclusive. His data are too narrow for his conclusions."

"Shut your mouth," he said; "I invited you here to eat my beefsteak, not to controvert my son's conclusions."

Then it was my time to laugh, which I did heartily, while sticking to my opinion. That day he fell dead. He was a great, good man, and underneath his rough exterior carried a heart of virgin gold.

Dr. Cunnyngham was elected Sunday School Secretary and went to Nashville to live. He was finely adapted to the work, and the present efficient organization is largely due to his constructive plans while in charge of that department.

If I were to choose one word to express Dr. Cunnyngham's character, I would say that he was a lovable man. Transparent as a sunbeam, he was an Israelite in whom there was no guile. His picture hangs in the hall of memory, and as often as I look on it I thank God for his friendship and the kindly help he afforded me in my early manhood. His last end was peace, and his works do follow him.

WILLIAM E. MUNSEY, D.D.

MUNSEY was a phenomenon. Both in his physical appearance and in his intellectual make-up he was unlike any one else. Very different in temperament, with a far higher and nobler type of religion, and the product of a far different civilization, I have always thought of him in connection with Dante, the premier poet of the race. In his comparison of Milton and Dante, Macaulay says: "I will frankly confess that the vague sublimity of Milton affects me less than the reviled details of Dante. We read Milton, and we know that we are reading a great poet. When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from 'the valley of the dolorous abyss';—we seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale. Considered in this light, the narratives are exactly what they should be—definite themselves, but suggesting to the mind ideas of awful and indefinite wonder. They are made up of the images of the earth; they are told in the language of the earth. Yet the whole effect is, beyond expression, wild and unearthly." These words are as applicable to Munsey's style as to Dante's. Munsey's figures, and metaphors, and illustrations are all wrought out in vivid detail. His imagination was as grand as Dante's, and his wing as strong. He could soar as high, and fly as swiftly, and revel in splendors as ineffable as those supernal glories in which the Italian bard exulted. Born amid the lovely mountains of Virginia—he was a native of Giles County—such a nature as he possessed was stimulated by his environment. Hills and vales, lovely

meadow lands and frowning cliffs, radiant sunshine and brooding storms—you find them all reflected in his sermons. He was a poet by nature, born with the empyreal fire in his soul. I have always thought that if he had had a college and university training, his imperial imagination might have taken the direction of poetic expression and given us a work of renown. But he had very little of what we call "schooling." What knowledge he had, and he seemed like "a walking encyclopedia," he acquired by himself unaided by instructors. His application to study was intense, his memory as tenacious as a steel-trap, and his avidity for all kinds of knowledge amounted to a veritable passion. I thought he lacked common sense about some things, and he seemed not to know the value of money at all. If I were to sum up his character in one word, it would be the word "lovable." His amiable disposition, his inborn kindness, his refined and gentle spirit, made him a most delightful friend. He had his faults, as we all have, and he had his enemies, as every one has who amounts to anything in this world; but every one who knew Munsey loved him.

While living at Abingdon, Va., where he had often preached in the earlier years of his ministry, I heard many stories about him. Dr. Heiskell told me one. He saw Munsey in town one day barefooted and without a coat. When he insisted on knowing how he came in that fix, Munsey told him that he met a Confederate soldier who was without shoes or coat and persuaded him to take his. I think if it had been a Union soldier, he would have done the same thing for him. Heiskell saw that he was supplied with a coat and a pair of shoes, and Munsey said: "It is just what I told him, somebody would supply me." That happened more than once.

Some years ago I wrote the account that I am reprint-

ing here in the following paper, and it was published in the New York *Christian Advocate.* I also reprint a letter from a Boston lawyer about it, and the comment of Dr. Buckley, the editor of the *Advocate,* on the same.

William E. Munsey, D.D., was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. I saw him first during the General Conference which met at Memphis, Tenn., in 1870. He was then in the full splendor of his fame. I had heard of him, and was wild to see him and hear him. Bishop Kavanaugh had crossed my path, and I heard some one ask him if Munsey was the great orator popular report represented him as being. The Bishop replied that common report could not do him justice; that "other orators compared with Munsey were as a molehill to a mountain, or an asteroid to a planet." The effect of such extravagant eulogy on the imagination of a youthful enthusiast about orators can easily be imagined. I was wilder than ever to hear Munsey.

Let me pause here to say that oratory was the passion of my youth, and after the experience of years I don't think any the less of myself for it. The orator to me was the highest type of man. My favorite books were the biographies of the great orators of Greece and Rome, of England and France, and especially of my own country. The demigods at whose shrines my callow imagination offered a homage that amounted almost to worship were Patrick Henry and Webster and Clay and Sargent S. Prentiss, in the realm of secular oratory; and Massillon, Bascom, Summerfield, and Spurgeon in the pulpit. Demosthenes was a bigger man to me than Alexander, Cicero than Cæsar, Mirabeau than Napoleon, Fox than Wellington; and even Washington had to take a back seat when Patrick Henry arose with his "Give me liberty, or give me death." There was no laurel so green as that which encircled the orator's brow, no wand

so potent as the one he bore. King Arthur's mighty sword, "Excalibur," whose

> "Haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
> Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
> Of subtilist jewelry,"

yielded both in dazzling beauty and in magic power to the orator's sword of golden speech. Munsey was proclaimed the greatest orator in the Methodist pulpit. I was wild to hear him.

When the General Conference met in 1870 I was a student in Andrew College, at Trenton, Tenn., an ephemeral institution that soon died for the lack of breath, caused largely by excessive generosity in giving free tuition to the poor boys of that post-war period. I was an impecunious chap, green as a gourd, fresh from a Mississippi bottom farm, well acquainted with canebrakes, and the panthers and bears, wolves and wildcats that roamed in the jungle; but knowing precious little of the great world of life and action in which Munsey shone like a "bright particular star." A number of students were granted leave of absence to go to Memphis the Sabbath Munsey was to preach. I don't remember how I got there, for I was as poor as Job's turkey, "that had to lean up against the fence to gobble"; but upon my arrival I had the good fortune to meet the Rev. W. M. Patterson, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, who invited me to stay with him as his guest while in the city. Those were the days of golden hospitality. I accepted the invitation.

I was waiting at the corner of Main and Beale Streets for a car, when a group of preachers came up. I knew one of them the moment I saw him. He resembled no other mortal in the Western Hemisphere, and but for his fair complexion might have been taken for a priest

of Jupiter or Osiris from the banks of the Tiber or the temples of the Nile. He was tall, slender, straight as an Indian, with eyes of sparkling brightness. He wore a beaver hat that made him look taller. He was nervous and restless; and while others of his company waited quietly for the car, he kept going to the middle of the street and looking to see if it was in sight—those were the days of the "mule cars," and they took their time. It was Munsey.

The car came. I boarded it; so did the preachers. Dr. Patterson lived some distance out, and while the two little mules, with their tinkling bells, trotted along, I quietly watched the lean but animated incarnation of intelligence seated opposite in the corner of the car. I had a strong suspicion of who he was. There was unusual refinement in his keenly chiseled features. He looked like a rich alabaster vase with a light burning within, so transparent did he seem. Yet everything about him was natural and easy. He talked little on the way. The car stopped. The preachers got off—so did I, and fell a little behind them. What! You don't tell me so! Yes, I do—they turned right in at Dr. Patterson's home, the very place where I was going; and in a few minutes I, the gawky lad from the cane-brakes, was introduced to Dr. Thomas E. Bond, T. J. Magruder, the leonine-looking Dr. Rozzell, and—Dr. Munsey! My bravest expectation had been to see and hear him, and I found myself a guest in the same home. Imagine my feelings! My, how the other boys envied my good fortune!

Those were red-letter days to me. How I talked about them when I went back to school, with a sort of "don't-you-wish-it-had-been-you" air! It was a rare privilege for a boy like me to sit among such eminent men, and I will always love the memory of Dr. Patterson and his

beautiful wife. They had the amiable art of making a poor boy feel perfectly at home, so I felt unembarrassed in the company. What stories they told! What a jolly group they were! Dr. Thomas E. Bond, whose pen flashed like Saladin's scimitar, excelled them all in conversation. Everybody listened when he talked, and he talked incessantly. You missed even Macaulay's "flashes of silence." Dr. Munsey was reticent, but enjoyed the jokes. One day Bishop Kavanaugh came, and then Bond had his match!

Here is one of Dr. Bond's stories, which you can understand that I would remember. He said that when he was a medical student in Philadelphia there was a very dull boy who was employed as a hostler in a livery stable. He was a half idiot, but one day he was kicked on the head by a horse, and his skull was fractured. He was brought to the hospital, where a part of his skull was removed. The boy recovered, showed remarkable intelligence, and became a distinguished lawyer. He had hardly finished when Dr. Munsey suddenly rose from his seat, and exclaimed with great energy: "I protest against Dr. Bond telling such stories in this place!" "Well, sir," replied Bond, with evident surprise, "what objection have you to my stories?" "Look at Brother Steel," said Munsey, suddenly concentrating the gaze of the whole company on me, to my infinite astonishment; "he'll go away from here and break his head open against the first lamp-post he finds." The laugh which followed at my expense was too good for me not to join in it. But when later on I became well acquainted with Munsey I told him I thought it was very mean of him to suddenly impale an innocent greenhorn on the lance of his wit. He said he just couldn't help it; that while Dr. Bond was telling his yarns he observed how intensely I listened; he had been a poor

boy himself, and read my mind, knew the effect the presence of such distinguished men had on me, and felt an irresistible impulse to break the spell. Well, he broke it; and I am certain he intended no unkindness. Munsey would have given the path to a wounded worm, or tried to get him to the hospital. He was the incarnation of gentleness.

The night before he preached his great sermon on "Man" in the opera house I occupied the room adjoining his. He must have stayed awake most of the night. I was often awakened by noises in his room. Sometimes it sounded as if he were groaning in prayer, sometimes as if he were rapidly walking back and forth across the room and talking to himself. Mrs. Patterson told me that when the servant put his room in order next morning she found his money scattered in various places about the room, his gold watch on the floor, and his belongings helter-skelter. I sat opposite him at breakfast that morning. He ate very little, talked very little, and looked more like a restless ghost than an ordinary mortal. Such a strain on the nervous system would kill an iron man, and killed him in his prime.

No description of his sermon that day would be adequate. Dr. Patterson kindly made me one of the ushers to a private entrance, which, after the doors were closed, gave me an exceptionally good opportunity to hear him. I resolved to hear him as *a student;* to watch him, and note everything about his matter, manner, voice, and all else that might enter into his make-up as an orator; to steel myself against his influence, and keep cool, that I might discover the secret of his power as an orator. How far I succeeded I do not know; but I am sure that I succeeded better than most of the vast audience, for at times they seemed to be under a mighty spell. The first part of the sermon was very dry, deep, metaphysical,

and tedious. He noted the restlessness of the audience, and suddenly exclaimed: "We'll be through the hard part directly." All at once a sentence flashed out, bright, keen, and sparkling as a fixed star on a frosty night! Then another, and another, then paragraph leaped after paragraph, each blazing like a diamond, until it became a continuous stream of splendors, a golden cataract of eloquence that dazzled, bewildered, and transported the hearers. At one point the man, from where I stood, looked like he was himself on fire, and by a burst of the most effulgent rhetoric I ever heard from mortal lips he electrified the house. The whole audience rose *en masse,* breathless and spellbound, and leaned forward as one man to hear. I think I was the only self-possessed person in the part of the house where I was, and I was trembling from head to foot, and felt as if I were in the throes of an earthquake. I have heard most of the great public speakers in America in my day; but Munsey is the only one I ever saw do that. And it happened more than once during the delivery of that marvelous message. When Munsey reached home after the service he was as limp as a rag. The reaction from such intense excitement utterly prostrated him. But my, it was oratory!

Two years after that I met Munsey again. I had become pastor of the Church in Abingdon, Va., one of his old charges. He turned up unexpectedly on Saturday. I met a man on the street who asked, "Did you know Munsey is in town?" I went at once to see him, and invited him to preach the next day. He consented to preach once. I left him to get the news started that Munsey would preach at 11 o'clock Sunday at the Methodist Church. It went like wildfire over the town and the country around. President Jones, of Martha Washington College, was very anxious for his girls and

teachers to hear him; so the whole college family went early, and even then people had to be moved from the space reserved for the college. By the time for Sunday school to open there wasn't a spare seat in the church, and the Sunday school had to be omitted. By the time for the preaching, the crowd outside of the church was so great that Munsey and I could not get to the door, and I had to call out that the service would be called off if they did not open up so that Munsey could get in. We finally reached the pulpit, and Munsey preached his great sermon on "The Lost Soul." He was among his friends and at his best. As the old preachers used to say, he had liberty. I never heard him or any one swing clearer than he did that day, and never saw any speaker produce such an effect. The whole congregation was moved as the tempest moves the woods. Strong men trembled, women fainted, men leaped through the windows as if terrified by the awful pictures he drew and unable to stand the strain, and the suppressed excitement in the audience was tremendous. I believe I would have fled myself if I could have gotten out. He had a number of vivid, hair-raising illustrations that do not appear in the printed edition of the sermon. He had his manuscript on the pulpit, but did not refer to it once, or even seem to notice it. What was it that produced the tremendous effect? Was it hypnotism or spiritual power? The Lord knows, I don't; but I know that it was some sort of mighty power.

While Munsey was conscious of his reputation and trembled under it, he was too guileless to be proud. I never knew a more childlike man. He was as pure as virtue. He would have made a perfect monk of the type of the good St. Francis of Assisi. You might have given him a million of dollars, but he would have been a mendicant in a week. He was utterly unselfish. He

had traveled a hard road, and risen by sheer force of will and genius from the furrow of the plow to the pinnacle of oratorical fame. One day we were talking over our ups and downs, chiefly the latter, and I told him how I had to borrow five dollars from A to get started, then borrow five from B to pay back what I owed A, then called on C to meet my obligation to B. He laughed, and said that was exactly his plan, and that it worked all right until he reached Z. "What did you do to settle with Z?" he asked. "Started over again with A," I said. "Well, I never thought of that," he answered. And he didn't. He was destitute of business sense; but he had a world of the other sort. My!

The last time I saw Dr. Munsey was just before he went to New Orleans to take a pastoral charge in that city. The original plan was that I should go there to serve the church to which he was appointed; but that was changed. I was kept in Richmond and he went to New Orleans. He came to the Virginia Conference at Danville in 1875, and stopped at the same hotel where I was domiciled. He sent for me to come to his room, and we talked over his work. He laid open his heart to me. I saw its very core quivering with anxiety. He wept like a child as he told me of his trials, how he had been misunderstood and misrepresented. There was no sign of resentment, nor a word of bitterness; but I thought I read his feeling that a useful ministry was in peril of breaking down in mid-career through lack of sympathetic appreciation; and he was profoundly grateful to Bishop Keener for opening the door to him again. So am I. Such an unsophisticated and guileless man as Dr. Munsey stood little chance of election to any office and was utterly helpless in the political whirlpool of the Church, which nearly every Conference is. But there were many positions where his unique and

transcendent abilities might have been of great service to the Church which he loved so devotedly. It was a great mistake to sidetrack the biggest engine on the road!

It was after midnight when I arose to leave; but he made me sit down, and, abruptly changing the subject, asked me if I liked novels. I replied that I could not say that I did. He said it was probably because I did not know how to read a novel. "Let us imagine," he said, "that we are reading Bulwer's novel, 'The Strange Story.' Put out the light." At that he turned off the gas, and only the firelight flickered through the room. Remember, Munsey did not have a hair on his head—had picked it all out when in a brown study—and his white scalp shone like polished ivory, and his thin, gaunt form looked ghostly in the gloom. All was still throughout the hotel, but a wintry storm was raging without, and ever and anon the shrieking wind drove great masses of snow against the windowpane and down the chimney, where it sputtered and hissed in the glowing grate like invisible and angry demons. "We are not ready to begin reading yet," he said. "Imagine there is a closet in that corner of the room; the door is half open, and you can see a dozen skeletons wriggling and rattling their chains. Under the bed a score of skulls are grinning ——"

But I could stand no more. I felt as if my will were giving way to some sinister spell, and I cried: "Stop, Munsey; I want air!" And I threw up the window in spite of the storm! It is a wonder I did not jump out and leave the ghostly magician to shiver amid the skeletons alone in the gloom. His hearty laugh in a measure recalled me to a normal state. "O put the window down," he said; "no wonder you do not enjoy novels." Whew! I should say not, if that is the way

to read them. I almost shudder yet when I remember that uncanny midnight hour in Munsey's room in the hotel in Danville. He urged me to spend the night with him. I would as soon have slept in a coffin with a ghost for a bedfellow.

I never saw him after that. But I will never forget him, and never expect to look upon his like again. I loved him too much to criticize him, and admired him too much to judge him. I prefer to remain under the mighty spell of his influence and study the lessons of his life, while I praise God for such an example of intellectual eloquence and noble character, and for the privilege of his friendship.

The foregoing paper, except in a few points, was published in the New York *Christian Advocate* while Dr. Buckley was its editor. Soon after its appearance the following letter was published about it in the *Advocate:*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Editor *Christian Advocate:* I want to thank you, Mr. Editor, and Dr. Steel for the article in regard to Dr. Munsey in the *Advocate* for March 13; and I am fain to think that many others feel as I do. I had the good fortune to be present on the Sunday referred to in Memphis, in the spring of 1870, and the memory of it is as fresh as if it had been in the spring of 1901. The great preacher's fame had been spread by the newspapers throughout the town and countryside, and the announcement that he was to preach on the coming Sunday in the opera house was sure to bring a crowd. I went early; everybody else had done the same thing; but I succeeded in finding an excellent seat—one of the best in the house both for seeing and hearing.

My recollection of the occasion justifies all that Dr. Steel has said of it—the partial disappointment at first, and then the tremendous turn of the tide, and all the rest. I have heard oratory, pulpit and forensic, on both sides of the Atlantic, but I never heard anything, in point of eloquence and effect, to match what

I heard that Sunday from the lips of Dr. Munsey. The speaker and his oratory often come to my mind, and I have wondered again and again what manner of man Dr. Munsey was, and especially what became of him, for I never heard of him more until Dr. Steel's sketch appeared in the *Christian Advocate*. My only regret, and many others must share it, is that Dr. Steel did not tell us how and when the life went out of this wonderful preacher of the Southland.

MELVILLE M. BIGELOW.

The following is Dr. Buckley's editorial on the same:

THE LAWYER'S ESTIMATE AGREES WITH THE MINISTER'S

Dr. S. A. Steel's article on Dr. Munsey, the eloquent Southern preacher, was regarded by some as so extravagant as to create wonder that it was admitted into the *Christian Advocate*. Professor Melville M. Bigelow, of the Boston University Law School, reports that he heard the sermon referred to by Dr. Steel in 1870, and justifies the description. We have heard many accounts of the wonderful rhetorical exploits of that eccentric and brilliant man; but from all came to one conclusion, that when oratory reaches such an amazing brilliancy that the phenomenon itself becomes more impressive than the occasion or the subject, the moral weight of the effort is diminished. So far as a human being can go in eloquence and oratorical utterance without causing the people to turn from the subject to the thought that it is so wonderful that it never was equaled before, or that it is so weird that there is something uncanny about it, so long oratory may soar and shine; but when that point is passed the moral and spiritual results are less permanent, because less deep. Even the moral power of Whitefield was somewhat diminished by the amazing reputation of his eloquence as superior to anything ever known, and he deplored it, and sometimes restrained his highest flights.

That was the criticism of a man sitting in his office who had never heard Munsey; and it was judicious criticism in the abstract. But if Dr. Buckley had once sat under the spell of Munsey's oratory he never would have written that about him, for it does not apply to Munsey. No one would commend Munsey's example as

a model to be followed, for he was *sui generis.* When Sam Jones, the great original Sam, was being criticized, Dr. Fitzgerald, then editor of the *Christian Advocate* at Nashville, said: "Thank God for Sam Jones; and thank the Lord there is only one!" I told him I reversed the order: "Thank the Lord there is only one Sam Jones; but thank the Lord for him." The dazzling brilliancy of Munsey's rhetoric, faulty and extravagant as it doubtless was, when judged by the canons of literary criticism, did not obscure his thought; nor was the paramount impression wonder at his brilliancy, as Dr. Buckley imagined. The hearer was tremendously impressed with his message, and forgot the splendor of the ambassador's robes in the stern and solemn effect of the truth he uttered. More than fifty years have passed since I heard him, and the deepest impression I still have is the grip of his sermon, not the unusual appearance of the man.

I was glad, of course, to have the testimony of so eminent a man as Dr. Bigelow to the truth of my account of Munsey's great effort at Memphis; but that you may see that my estimate of Munsey, and that of Judge Bigelow, was not peculiar to us, I append some opinions from excellent judges, who, you will see, regarded him in the same light. I take these testimonies from Dr. R. N. Price's "Holston Methodism," Vol. V.

Dr. Price gives his own impressions:

> The greatest sermons I ever heard from Munsey were two sermons preached at Wabash Camp Ground, in Giles County, Va., in the fall of 1865. One of these sermons was his noted sermon on the future and eternal punishment of the wicked. It was preached at the popular hour on the Sabbath to a large concourse of people. It was near the place of his birth, and many of his relatives and old acquaintances were present. They listened with amazement. One man, a relative of his, stood near the altar during the whole sermon, and a large part of the time tears

were coursing down his cheeks. . . . His description of the bewildered wanderings of the lost soul in chaos and night were Miltonic.

Dr. David Sullins, who knew him intimately, said:

At heart he was as simple and gentle as a child, as companionable as a schoolboy; in intellect as manysided as Shakespeare, analytic, philosophic, pathetic, with an imagination which, in breadth of conception and appropriateness of expression, challenged the most bewildering heights of "Paradise Lost" and the "Inferno."

Bishop Hoss said:

Dr. Munsey was above all things a preacher. I remember to have heard him deliver in 1870 the sermon on the eternity of God. The congregation was large, embracing some of the most eminent men in the Church. The effect of the sermon was truly wonderful. He grasped and swayed the whole audience as the wind sways the tops of the forest trees. It seemed to me at times that my heart would cease to beat, and that I could not tell whether I was in the body or out of the body. . . . It was like the sweep of a whirlwind or the march of an army with waving banners and the clangor of martial music.

This is Bishop Keener's testimony:

At Marion, in Virginia, during the session of the Holston Conference, where he had often preached and was well known, one might have walked upon the heads of the audience. Flumes were constructed, and ladies were shot by them into the house through its windows; the altar was filled with persons standing, and three individuals had seated themselves for the service, one on each side of the book-board and one directly under in front, in a half-bent posture. In Richmond the house was filled two hours before the service. His great passages could be repeated again and again without loss of power. He introduced the figure of the lost soul after a lecture at Centenary College chapel. I had heard it before, but to me it was fully as great as ever; while the audience at its conclusion was so bewildered as to rise up in an unconscious way, facing each other, and not knowing for some moments whether to remain or leave the room.

Don't you wish you could have heard that preacher!

I will give you one other testimony, that of Rev. J. J. Lafferty, published in the *Richmond Christian Advocate* on the occasion of the death of Dr. Munsey:

He was born amid the mountains of Southwest Virginia, and grew up a hardy son of toil. He was familiar with the heavy work of a mountain farm, and often, after a hard day's labor, carried wood on his back nearly a mile to make the evening fire. It is marvelous that such a toil-worn boy should burst out into such a wonderful man. He early felt that mysterious longing for knowledge which sometimes seizes the youthful mind when under the heaviest disadvantages, and any book that fell in his way was eagerly devoured. It is said that when plowing he would place his book at the end of the furrow, and when he came to it would pause and read a few moments, and then push on between the plow-handles, fixing the thoughts in his mind. His stock of knowledge grew apace, but his appetite was insatiable, and his ardent soul panted for deeper draughts at the fountain of knowledge. . . . His fame as a preacher spread far and wide, and he was in constant demand for all grand occasions. He appeared occasionally as a lecturer, and in this hackneyed and difficult work he was as successful as in the pulpit. The first lecture we ever heard him deliver was the famous one on Man, in the old chapel at Randolph-Macon college. [That was the sermon I heard him preach at Memphis in 1870.] The amount of scientific knowledge he had stored in his mind was truly amazing. He spoke as if he had been a professor in every branch of science for a lifetime. Every technical term was at his tongue's end. Man was presented in spirit, soul, and body as the most wonderful trichotomy in the universe; was analyzed, synthetized, exalted, and glorified as the last and grandest work of God. He soared amid clouds, and thunder, and lightning, and tempests; he was as familiar with anatomy as if he had been a Sir Charles Bell; with mental phenomena, as if he had been a John Locke; with mythology, as if he had been born a Greek and had lived in Greece a thousand years. After getting into his theme he rushed on with the speed of an Arabian courser, scarcely pausing to take breath, to the last sentence of his gorgeous peroration.

It looks as if Dr. Lafferty thought about him just as Dr. Bigelow and I did, and Bishop Keener, and everybody else who heard him.

In view of his frail health, and knowing his intense method of work, I begged Dr. Munsey, in the Danville meeting, to reconsider his consent to go to New Orleans, telling him frankly that I did not believe he could stand the climate. But he was too glad to get back into the regular pastorate to let the opportunity slip; and it happened just as I feared. He soon laid aside his dazzling armor, and went home to heaven. If he is speaking up there, I am sure the angels crowd to hear him. And when I get there I am going to hunt him up—no! I won't have to hunt: I'll just follow the crowd along the street of the celestial city and it will take me to where Munsey is to preach.

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